

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1861.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH FRESH MISCHIEF IS BREWED.

CHARLES'S duties were light enough; he often wished they had been heavier. There were such long idle periods left for thinking and brooding. He rather wondered at first why he was not more employed. He never was in attendance on the lieutenant, save in the daytime. One of the young men under him drove the brougham, and was out all night and in bed all day; and the other was a mere stable-lad from the country. Charles's duty consisted almost entirely in dressing himself about two o'clock, and loitering about town after his master; and, after he had been at this work about a fortnight, it seemed to him as if he had been at it a year or more.

Charles soon found out all he cared to know about his new master. He was the only son and heir of an eminent solicitor, lately deceased, who had put him into the splendid regiment to which he belonged, in order to get him into good society. The young fellow had done well enough in that way. He was amazingly rich, amazingly handsome, and passionately fond of his profession, at which he really worked hard; but he was terribly fast. Charles soon found that out; and the first object which he placed before himself, when he began to awaken from the first dead torpor which came on him after his fall, was to gain

No. 24.—VOL. IV.

influence with him and save him from ruin.

"He is burning the candle at both ends," said Charles. "He is too good to go to the deuce. In time, if I am careful, he may listen to me."

And, indeed, it seemed probable. From the very first, Hornby had treated Charles with great respect and consideration. Hornby knew he was a gentleman. One morning, before Charles had been many days with him, the brougham had not come into the mews till seven o'clock; and Charles, going to his lodgings at eight, had found him in uniform, bolting a cup of coffee before going on duty. There was a great pile of money, sovereigns and notes, on the dressing-table, and he caught Charles looking at it.

Hornby laughed. "What are you looking at with that solemn face of yours?" said he.

"Nothing, sir," said Charles.

"You are looking at that money," said Hornby; "and you are thinking that it would be as well if I didn't stay out all night playing—eh?"

"I might have thought so, sir," said Charles. "I did think so."

"Quite right, too. Some day I will leave off, perhaps."

And then he rattled out of the room, and Charles watched him riding down the street, all blue, and scarlet, and gold, a brave figure, with the world at his feet.

E E

"There is time yet," said Charles.

The first time Charles made his appearance in livery in the street he felt horribly guilty. He was in continual terror lest he should meet some one he knew; but, after a time, when he found that day after day he could walk about and see never a familiar face, he grew bolder. He wished sometimes he could see some one he knew from a distance, so as not to be recognised—it was so terribly lonely.

Day after day he saw the crowds pass him in the street, and recognised no one. In old times, when he used to come to London on a raid from Oxford, he fancied he used to recognise an acquaintance at every step; but, now, day after day went on, and he saw no one he knew. The world had become to him like a long uneasy dream of strange faces.

After a very few days of his new life, there began to grow on him a desire to hear of those he had left so abruptly; a desire which was at first mere curiosity, but which soon developed into a yearning regret. At first, after a week or so, he began idly wondering where they all were, and what they thought of his disappearance; and at this time, perhaps, he may have felt a little conceited in thinking how he occupied their thoughts, and of what importance he had made himself by his sudden disappearance. But his curiosity and vanity soon wore away, and were succeeded by a deep gnawing desire to hear something of them all—to catch hold of some little thread, however thin, which should connect him with his past life, and with those he had loved so well. He would have died in his obstinacy sooner than move one inch towards his object; but every day, as he rode about town, dressed in the livery of servitude, which he tried to think was his heritage, and yet of which he was ashamed, he stared hither and thither at the passing faces, trying to find one, were it only that of the meanest servant, which should connect him with the past.

At last, and before long, he saw one.

One afternoon he was under orders

to attend his master on horseback, as usual. After lunch, Hornby came out, beautifully dressed, handsome and happy, and rode up Grosvenor Place into the park. At the entrance to Rotten Row he joined an old gentleman and his two daughters, and they rode together, chatting pleasantly. Charles rode behind with the other groom, who talked to him about the coming Derby, and would have betted against Haphazard at the current odds. They rode up and down the Row twice, and then Hornby, calling Charles, gave him his horse and walked about by the Serpentine, talking to every one, and getting a kindly welcome from great and small; for the son of a great attorney, with wealth, manners, and person, may get into very good society, if he is worth it.

Then Hornby and Charles left the park, and, coming down Grosvenor Place, passed into Pall Mall. Here Hornby went into his club, and left Charles waiting in the street with his horse half an hour or more.

Then he mounted again, and rode up St. James's Street into Piccadilly. He turned to the left; and, at the bottom of the hill, not far from Halfmoon Street, he went into a private house, and, giving Charles his reins, told him to wait for him; and so Charles waited there in the afternoon sun, watching what went by.

It was a sleepy afternoon, and the horses stood quiet, and Charles was a contented fellow, and he rather liked dozing there and watching the world go by. There is plenty to see in Piccadilly on an afternoon in the season, even for a passer-by; but, sitting on a quiet horse, with nothing to do or think about, one can see it all better. And Charles had some humour in him, and so he was amused at what he saw, and would have sat there an hour or more without impatience.

Opposite to him was a great bonnet-shop, and in front of it was an orange-woman. A grand carriage dashed up to the bonnet-shop, so that he had to move his horses, and the orange-woman had to get out of the way. Two young

ladies got out of the carriage, went in, and (as he believes) bought bonnets, leaving a third, and older one, sitting in the back seat, who nursed a pug dog, with a blue riband. Neither the coachman nor footman belonging to the carriage seemed to mind this lady. The footman thought he would like some oranges; so he went to the orange-woman. The orange-woman was Irish, for her speech betrayed her, and the footman was from the county Clare; so those two instantly began comparing notes about those delectable regions, to such purpose, that the two young ladies, having, let us hope, suited themselves in the bonnet way, had to open their own carriage-door and get in, before the footman was recalled to a sense of his duties—after which he shut the door, and they drove away.

Then there came by a blind man. It was not the same blind man that Charles saw fall down the area, because that blind man's dog was a brown one, with a curly tail, and this one's dog was black, with no tail at all. Moreover, the present dog carried a basket, which the other one did not. Otherwise they were so much alike (all blind men are), that Charles might have mistaken one for the other. This blind man met with no such serious accident as the other, either. Only, turning into the public-house at the corner, opposite Mr. Hope's, the dog lagged behind, and, the swing-doors closing between him and his master, Charles saw him pulled through by his chain and nearly throttled.

Next there came by Lord Palmerston, with his umbrella on his shoulder, walking airily arm-in-arm with Lord John Russell. They were talking together; and, as they passed, Charles heard Lord Palmerston say that it was much warmer on this side of the road than on the other. With which proposition Lord John Russell appeared to agree; and so they passed on westward.

After this there came by three prize-fighters, arm-in-arm; each of them had a white hat and a cigar; two had white bull-dogs, and one a black and tan

terrier. They made a left wheel, and looked at Charles and his horses, and then they made a right wheel, and looked into the bonnet-shop; after which they went into the public-house into which the blind man had gone before; and, from the noise which immediately arose from inside, Charles came to the conclusion that the two white bull-dogs and the black and tan terrier had set upon the blind man's dog, and touzled him.

After the prize-fighters came Mr. Gladstone, walking very fast; then a quantity of indifferent people; and then Charles's heart beat high—for here was some one coming whom he knew, with a vengeance.

Lord Welter, walking calmly down the street, with his big chest thrown out, and his broad, stupid face in moody repose! He was thinking. He came so close to Charles that, stepping aside to avoid a passer-by, he whitened the shoulder of his coat against the pipe-clay on Charles's knee; then he stood stock still within six inches of him, but looking the other way towards the houses.

He pulled off one of his gloves and bit his nails. Though his back was towards Charles, still Charles knew well what expression was on his face as he did that. The old cruel lowering of the eyebrows, and pinching in of the lips was there, he knew. The same expression as that which Marston remarked the time he quarrelled with Cuthbert once at Ravenshoe—mischief!

He went into the house where Charles's master, Hornby, was; and Charles sat and wondered.

Presently there came out, on to the balcony above, six or seven well-dressed young men, who lounged with their elbows on the red cushions which were fixed to the railing, and talked, looking at the people in the street.

Lord Welter and Lieutenant Hornby were together at the end. There was no scowl on Welter's face now; he was making himself agreeable. Charles watched him and Hornby; the conversation between them got eager, and they

seemed to make an appointment. After that they parted, and Hornby came down stairs and got on his horse.

They rode very slowly home. Hornby bowed right and left to the people he knew, but seemed absent. When Charles took his horse at the door, he said suddenly to Charles—

"I have been talking to a man who knows something of you, I believe—Lord Welter."

"Did you mention me to him, sir?" said Charles.

"No; I didn't think of it."

"You would do me a great kindness if you would not do so, sir."

"Why?" said Hornby, looking suddenly up.

"I am sorry I cannot enter into particulars, sir; but, if I thought he would know where I was, I should at once quit your service and try to lose myself once more."

"Lose yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm!" said Hornby, thoughtfully. "Well, I know there is something about you which I don't understand. I ain't sure it is any business of mine, though. I will say nothing. You are not a man to chatter about anything you see. Mind you don't. You see how I trust you." And so he went in, and Charles went round to the stable.

"Is the brougham going out to-night?" he asked of his fellow-servant.

"Ordered at ten," said the man. "Night-work again, I expect. I wanted to get out too. Consume the darned card-playing. Was you going anywhere to-night?"

"Nowhere," said Charles.

"It's a beautiful evening," said the man. "If you should by chance saunter up toward Grosvenor Square, and could leave a note for me, I should thank you very much; upon my soul, I should."

I don't think Charles ever hesitated at doing a good-natured action in his life. A request to him was like a command. It came as natural to him now to take a dirty, scrawled love-letter from a groom to a scullery-maid as in old

times it did to lend a man fifty pounds. He said at once he would go with great pleasure.

The man (a surly fellow enough at ordinary times) thanked him heartily; and, when Charles had got the letter, he sauntered away in that direction slowly, thinking of many things.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "my scheme of hiding does not seem to be very successful. Little more than a fortnight gone, and I am thrown against Welter. What a strange thing!"

It was still early in the afternoon—seven o'clock, or thereabouts—and he was opposite Tattersall's. A mail phaeton, with a pair of splendid horses, attracted his attention and diverted his thoughts. He turned down. Two eminent men on the turf walked past him up the nearly empty yard, and he heard one say to the other,—

"Ascot will run to win; that I know. He *must*. If Haphazard can stay, he is safe."

To which the other said, "Pish!" and they passed on.

"There they are again," said Charles, as he turned back. "The very birds of the air are talking about them. It gets interesting, though—if anything could ever be interesting again."

St. George's Hospital! At the door was a gaudily dressed, handsome young woman, who was asking the porter could she see some one inside. No. The visiting-hours were over. She stood for a few minutes on the steps, impatiently biting her nails, and then fluttered down the street.

What made him think of his sister Ellen? She must be found. That was the only object in the world, so to speak. There was nothing to be done, only to wait and watch.

"I shall find her some day, in God's good time."

The world had just found out that it was hungry, and was beginning to tear about in wheeled vehicles to its neighbours' houses to dinner. As the carriages passed Charles, he could catch glimpses of handsome girls, all a mass of white muslin, swan's-down fans, and fal-lals,

going to begin their night's work ; of stiff dandies, in white ties, yawning already ; of old ladies in jewels, and old gentlemen buttoned up across the chest, going, as one might say, to see fair play among the young people. And then our philosophical Charles pleased himself by picturing how, in two months more, the old gentlemen would be among their turnips, the old ladies among their flowers and their poor folks, the dandies creeping, creeping, weary hours through the heather, till the last maddening moment when the big stag was full in view, sixty yards off ; and, prettiest thought of all, how the girls, with their thick shoes on, would be gossiping with old Goody Blake and Harry Gill, or romping with the village school-children on the lawn. Right, old Charles, with all but the dandies ! For now the apotheosis of dandies was approaching. The time was coming when so many of them should disappear into that black thunder-cloud to the south, and be seen no more on earth.

But, in that same year, they tell me—I was not there, but far away—the London season went on much as usual ; only folks talked of war, and the French were more popular than they are now. And through the din and hubbub poor Charles passed on like a lost sheep, and left his fellow-servant's note at an area in Grosvenor Square.

"And which," said he to the man who took it, with promises of instant delivery, "is my Lord Hainault's house, now, for instance ?"

Lord Hainault's house was the other side of the square ; number something. Charles thanked the man, and went across. When he had made it out, he leant his back against the railings of the square, and watched it.

The carriage was at the door. The coachman, seeing a handsomely dressed groom leaning against the rails, called to him to come over and alter some strap or another. Charles ran over and helped him. Charles supposed her ladyship was going out to dinner. Yes, her ladyship was now coming out. And, almost before Charles had time to move

out of the way, out she came, with her head in the air, more beautiful than ever, and drove away.

He went back to his post from mere idleness. He wondered whether Mary had come there yet or not. He had half a mind to inquire, but was afraid of being seen. He still leant against the railings of the gate, as I said, in mere idleness, when he heard the sound of children's voices in the square behind.

"That woman," said a child's voice, "was a gipsy-woman. I looked through the rails, and I said, 'Hallo, ma'am, what are you doing there ?' And she asked me for a penny. And I said I couldn't give her anything, for I had given three halfpence to the Panch and Judy, and I shouldn't have any more money till next Saturday ; which was quite true, Flora, as you know."

"But, Gus," said another child's voice, "if she had been a gipsy-woman she would have tried to steal you, and make you beg in the streets ; or else she would have told your fortune in coffee-grounds. I don't think she was a real gipsy."

"I should like to have my fortune told in the coffee-grounds," said Gus ; "but, if she had tried to steal me, I should have kicked her in her stomach. There is a groom outside there ; let us ask him. Grooms go to the races, and see heaps of gipsies ! I say, sir."

Charles turned. A child's voice was always music to him. He had such a look on his face as he turned to them that the children had his confidence in an instant. The gipsy question was laid before him instantly by both Gus and Flora, with immense volubility, and he was just going to give an oracular opinion through the railings, when a voice—a low, gentle voice, which made him start—came from close by.

"Gus and Flora, my dears, the dew is falling. Let us go in."

"There is Miss Corby," said Gus. "Let us run to her."

They raced to Mary. Soon after the three came to the gate, laughing, and passed close to him. The children were clinging to her skirt and talking merrily.

They formed a pretty little group as they went across the street, and Mary's merry little laugh comforted him. "She is happy there," he said; "best as it is!"

Once, when half-way across the street, she turned and looked his way before he had time to turn away. He saw that she did not dream of his being there, and went on. And so Charles sauntered home through the pleasant summer evening, saying to himself, "I think she is happy; I am glad she laughed."

"Three meetings in one day! I shall be found out if I don't mind. I must be very careful."

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH AN ENTIRELY NEW, AND, AS WILL BE SEEN HEREAFTER, A MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.

THE servants, I mean the stable-servants, who lived in the mews where Charles did, had a club; and, a night or two after he had seen Mary in the square, he was elected a member of it. The duke's coachman, a wiry, grey, stern-looking, elderly man, waited upon him and informed him of the fact. He said that such a course was very unusual—in fact, without precedent. Men, he said, were seldom elected to the club until they were known to have been in good service for some years; but he (coachman) had the ear of the club pretty much, and had brought him in triumphant. He added that he could see through a brick wall as well as most men, and that, when he see a *gentleman* dressed in a livery, moping and brooding about the mews, he had said to himself that he wanted a little company, such as it was, to cheer him up, and so he had requested the club, &c.; and the club had done as he told them.

"Now this is confoundedly kind of you," said Charles; "but I am not a gentleman; I am a gamekeeper's son."

"I suppose you can read Greek, now, can't you?" said the coachman.

Charles was obliged to confess he could.

"Of course," said the coachman; "all gamekeepers' sons is forced to learn Greek, in order as they may slang the poachers in a unknown tongue. Fiddle-dedee! I know all about it; leastwise, guess. Come along with me; why, I've got sons as old as you. Come along."

"Are they in service?" said Charles, by way of something to say.

"Two of 'em are, but one's in the army."

"Indeed!" said Charles, with more interest.

"Ay; he is in your governor's regiment."

"Does he like it?" said Charles. "I should like to know him."

"Like it?—don't he?" said the coachman. "See what society he gets into. I suppose there ain't no gentlemen's sons troopers in that regiment, eh? Oh, dear, no. Don't for one moment suppose it, young man. Not at all."

Charles was very much interested by this news. He made up his mind there and then that he would enlist immediately. But he didn't; he only thought about it.

Charles found that the club was composed of about a dozen coachmen and superior pad-grooms. They were very civil to him, and to one another. There was nothing to laugh at. There was nothing that could be tortured into ridicule. They talked about their horses and their business quite naturally. There was an air of kindly fellowship, and a desire for mutual assistance among them, which, at times, Charles had not noticed at the university. One man sang a song, and sang it very prettily too, about stag-hunting. He had got as far as—

"As every breath with sobs he drew,

The labouring buck strained full in view,"

when the door opened, and an oldish groom came in.

The song was not much attended to now. When the singer had finished, the others applauded him, but impatiently;

and then there was a general exclamation of "Well?"

"I've just come down from the corner. There has been a regular run against Haphazard, and no one knows why. Something wrong with the horse, I suppose, because there's been no run on any other in particular, only against him."

"Was Lord Ascot there?" said some one.

"Ah, that he was. Wouldn't bet, though, even at the long odds. Said he'd got every sixpence he was worth on the horse, and would stand where he was; and that's true, they say. And master says, likewise, that Lord Welter would have taken 'em, but that his father stopped him."

"That looks queerish," said some one else.

"Ay, and wasn't there a jolly row, too?"

"Who with?" asked several.

"Lord Welter and Lord Hainault. It happened outside, close to me. Lord Hainault was walking across the yard, and Lord Welter came up to him and said, 'How d'ye do, Hainault?' and Lord Hainault turned round and said, quite quiet, 'Welter, you are a scoundrel!' And Lord Welter said, 'Hainault, you are out of your senses;' but he turned pale, too, and he looked—Lord! I shouldn't like to have been before him—and Lord Hainault says, 'You know what I mean;' and Lord Welter says, 'No, I don't; but, by Gad, you shall tell me;' and then the other says, as steady as a rock, 'I'll tell you. You are a man that one daren't leave a woman alone with. Where's that Ravenshoe girl? Where's Adelaide Summers? Neither a friend's house, nor your own father's house, is any protection for a woman against you.' 'Gad,' says Lord Welter, 'you were pretty sweet on the last-named yourself, once on a time.'"

"Well!" said some one, "and what did Lord Hainault say?"

"He said, 'You are a liar and a scoundrel, Welter.' And then Lord Welter came at him; but Lord Ascot

came between them, shaking like anything, and says he, 'Hainault, go away, for God's sake; you don't know what you are saying.—Welter, be silent.' But they made no more of he than ——" (here our friend was at a loss for a simile).

"But how did it end?" asked Charles.

"Well," said the speaker, "General Mainwaring came up, and laid his hand on Lord Welter's shoulder, and took him off pretty quiet. And that's all I know about it."

It was clearly all. Charles rose to go, and walked by himself from street to street, thinking.

Suppose he *was* to be thrown against Lord Welter, how should he act? what should he say? Truly it was a puzzling question. The anomaly of his position was never put before him more strikingly than now. What could he say? what could he do?

After the first shock, the thought of Adelaide's unfaithfulness was not so terrible as on the first day or two; many little unamiable traits of character, vanity, selfishness, and so on, unnoticed before, began to come forth in somewhat startling relief. Anger, indignation, and love, all three jumbled up together, each one by turns in the ascendant, were the frames of mind in which Charles found himself when he began thinking about her. One moment he was saying to himself, "How beautiful she was!" and the next, "She was as treacherous as a tiger; she never could have cared for me." But, when he came to think of Welter, his anger overmastered everything, and he would clench his teeth as he walked along, and for a few moments feel the blood rushing to his head and singing in his ears. Let us hope that Lord Welter will not come across him while he is in that mood, or there will be mischief.

But his anger was soon over. He had just had one of these fits of anger as he walked along, and he was, like a good fellow, trying to conquer it, by thinking of Welter as he was as a boy, and before he was a villain, when he came before

St. Peter's Church, in Eton square, and stopped to look at some fine horses which were coming out of Salter's.

At the east end of St. Peter's Church there is a piece of bare white wall in a corner, and in front of the wall was a little shoeblack.

He was not one of the regular brigade, with a red shirt, but an "Arab" of the first water. He might have been seven or eight years old, but was small. His whole dress consisted of two garments; a ragged shirt, with no buttons, and half of one sleeve gone, and a ragged pair of trousers, which, small as he was, were too small for him, and barely reached below his knees. His feet and head were bare; and under a wild, tangled shock of hair looked a pretty, dirty, roguish face with a pair of grey, twinkling eyes, which was amazingly comical. Charles stopped, watching him, and, as he did so, felt what we have most of us felt, I dare say—that, at certain times of vexation and anger, the company and conversation of children is the best thing for us.

The little man was playing at fives against the bare wall, with such tremendous energy that he did not notice that Charles had stopped and was looking at him. Every nerve in his wiry lean little body was braced up to the game; his heart and soul were as deeply enlisted in it, as though he were captain of the eleven, or stroke of the eight.

He had no ball to play with, but he played with a brass button. The button flew hither and thither, being so irregular in shape, and the boy dashed after it like lightning. At last, after he had kept up five-and-twenty or so, the button flew over his head and lighted at Charles's feet.

As the boy turned to get it, his eyes met Charles's, and he stopped, parting the long hair from his forehead, and gazing on him till the beautiful little face, beautiful through dirt and ignorance and neglect, lit up with a smile, as Charles looked at him, with his kind and honest old face. And so began their acquaintance, almost comically at first.

Charles don't care to talk much about that boy now. If he ever does, it is to recall his comical humorous sayings and doings in the first part of their strange friendship. He never speaks of the end, even to me.

The boy stood smiling at him, as I said, holding his long hair out of his eyes; and Charles looked on him and laughed, and forgot all about Welter and the rest of them at once.

"I want my boots cleaned," he said.

The boy said, "I can't clean they dratted top-boots. I cleaned a groom's boots a Toosday, and he punched my block because I blacked the tops. Where did that button go?"

And Charles said, "You can clean the lower part of my boots, and do no harm. Your button is here against the lamp-post."

The boy picked it up, and got his apparatus ready. But, before he began, he looked up in Charles's face, as if he was going to speak; then he began vigorously, but in half a minute looked up again and stopped.

Charles saw that the boy liked him, and wanted to talk to him; so he began, severely,—

"How came you to be playing fives with a brass button, eh?"

The boy struck work at once, and answered, "I ain't got no ball."

"If you begin knocking stamped pieces of metal about in the street," continued Charles, "you will come to chuck-farthing; and from chuck-farthing to the gallows is a very short step indeed, I can assure you."

The boy did not seem to know whether Charles was joking or not. He cast a quick glance up at his face; but, seeing no sign of a smile there, he spat on one of his brushes, and said,—

"Not if you don't cheat, it ain't."

Charles suffered the penalty, which usually follows on talking nonsense, of finding himself in a dilemma. So he said imperiously,—

"I shall buy you a ball to-morrow; I am not going to have you knocking buttons about against people's walls in broad daylight, like that."

It was the first time that the boy had ever heard nonsense talked in his life. It was a new sensation. He gave a sharp look up into Charles's face again, and then went on with his work.

"Where do you live, my little man-nikin?" said Charles directly, in that quiet pleasant voice I know so well.

The boy did not look up this time. It was not very often, possibly, that he got spoken to so kindly by his patrons; he worked away, and answered that he lived in Wall's Gardens, in Southwark.

"Why do you come so far then?" asked Charles.

The boy told him why he plodded so wearily, day after day, over here in the West-end. It was for family reasons, into which I must not go too closely. Somebody, it appeared, still came home, now and then, just once in a way to see her mother, and to visit the den where she was bred; and there was still left one who would wait for her week after week—still one pair of childish feet, bare and dirty, that would patter back beside her—still one childish voice that would prattle with her on the way to her hideous home and call her sister.

"Have you any brothers?"

Five altogether. Jim was gone for a sojer, it appeared; and Nipper was sent over the water. Harry was on the cross—

"On the cross?" said Charles.

"Ah!" the boy said, "he goes out cly-faking and such. He's a prig, and a smart one, too. He's fly, is Harry."

"But what is cly-faking?" said Charles.

"Why a-prigging of wipes, and sneeze-boxes, and ridicules, and such."

Charles was not so ignorant of slang as not to understand what his little friend meant now. He said,—

"But you are not a thief, are you?"

The boy looked up at him frankly and honestly, and said,—

"Lord bless you, no! I shouldn't make no hand of that. I ain't brave enough for that!"

He gave the boy twopence, and gave orders that one penny was to be spent in a ball. And then he sauntered list-

lessly away—every day more listless, and not three weeks gone yet!

His mind returned to this child very often. He found himself thinking more about the little rogue than he could explain. The strange babble of the child, prattling so innocently, and, as he thought, so prettily, about vice, and crime, and misery; about one brother transported, one a thief—and you see he could love his sister even to the very end of it all! Strange babble indeed from a child's lips!

He thought of it again and again, and then, dressing himself plainly, he went up to Grosvenor Square, where Mary would be walking with Lord Hainault's children. He wanted to hear *them* talk.

He was right in his calculations; the children were there. All three of them this time; and Mary was there too. They were close to the rails, and he leaned his back on them, and heard every word.

"Miss Corby," said Gus, "if Lady Ascot is such a good woman, she will go to heaven when she dies?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Mary.

"And, when grandma dies, will she go to heaven, too?" said the artful Gus, knowing as well as possible that old Lady Hainault and Lady Ascot were deadly enemies.

"I hope so, my dear," said Mary.

"But does Lady Ascot hope so? Do you think grandma would be happy if—"

It became high time to stop master Gus, who was getting on too fast. Mary having bowled him out, Miss Flora had an innings.

"When I grow up," said Flora, "I shall wear knee-breeches and top-boots, and a white bull-dog, and a long clay pipe, and I shall drive into Henley on a market-day and put up at the Catharine Wheel."

Mary had breath enough left to ask her why.

"Because Farmer Thompson at Carterton dresses like that, and he is such a dear old darling. He gives us strawberries and cream; and in his

garden are gooseberries and peacocks ; and the peacocks' wives don't spread out their tails like their husbands do,—the foolish things. Now, when I am married—”

Gus was rude enough to interrupt her here. He remarked—

“When Archy goes to heaven, he'll want the cat to come to bed with him ; and, if he can't get her, there'll be a pretty noise.”

“My dears,” said Mary, “you must not talk any more nonsense ; I can't permit it.”

“But, my dear Miss Corby,” said Flora, “we haven't been talking nonsense, have we ? I told you the truth about Farmer Thompson.”

“I know what she means,” said Gus ; “we have been saying what came into our heads, and it vexes her. It is all nonsense, you know, about your wearing breeches ; we mustn't vex her.”

Flora didn't answer Gus, but answered Mary by climbing on her knee and kissing her. “Tell us a story, dear,” said Gus.

“What shall I tell ?” said Mary.

“Tell us about Ravenshoe,” said Flora ; “tell us about the fishermen, and the priest that walked about like a ghost in the dark passages ; and about Cuthbert Ravenshoe, who was always saying his prayers ; and about the other one who won the boat race.”

“Which one ?” said silly Mary.

“Why, the other ; the one you like best. What was his name ?”

“Charles !”

How quietly and softly she said it ! The word left her lips like a deep sigh. One who heard it was a gentleman still. He had heard enough, perhaps too much, and walked away towards the stable and the public-house, leaving her in the gathering gloom of the summer's evening under the red hawthorns, and laburnums, among the children. And, as he walked away, he thought of the night he left Ravenshoe, when the little figure was standing in the hall all alone. “She might have loved me, and I her,” he said, “if the world were not out of joint ; God grant it may not be so !”

And, although he said, “God grant it may not be so,” he really wished it had been so ; and from this very time Mary began to take Adelaide's place in his thoughts.

Not that he was capable of falling in love with any woman at this time. He says he was crazy, and I believe him to a certain extent. It was a remarkably lucky thing for him that he had so diligently neglected his education. If he had not, and had found himself in his present position, with three or four times more of intellectual cravings to be satisfied, he would have gone mad, or taken to drinking. I, who write, have seen the thing happen.

But, before the crash came, I have seen Charles patiently spending the morning cutting gun-wads from an old hat, in preference to going to his books. It was this interest in trifles which saved him just now. He could think at times, and had had education enough to think logically ; but his brain was not so active but that he could cut gun-wads for an hour or so, though his friend William could cut one-third more gun-wads out of an old hat than he.

He was thinking now, in his way, about these children—about Gus and Flora on the one hand, and the little shoeblack on the other. Both so innocent and pretty, and yet so different ! He had taken himself from the one world and thrown himself into the other. There were two worlds and two standards—gentlemen and non-gentlemen. The “lower orders” did not seem to be so particular about the character of their immediate relations as the upper. That was well, for he belonged to the former now, and had a sister. If one of Lord Charles Herries's children had gone wrong, Gus and Flora would never have talked of him or her to a stranger. He must learn the secret of this armour which made the poor so invulnerable. He must go and talk to the little shoeblack.

He thought that was the reason why he went to look after the little rogue next day ; but that was not the real reason. The reason was, that he had

found a friend in a lower grade than himself, who would admire him and look up to him. The first friend of that sort he had made since his fall! What that friend accidentally saved him from, we shall see.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DERBY.

HORNBY was lying on his back on the sofa in the window, and looking out. He had sent for Charles, and Charles was standing beside him; but he had not noticed him yet. In a minute Charles said, "You sent for me, sir."

Hornby turned sharply round. "By Jove, yes," he said, looking straight at him; "Lord Welter is married."

Charles did not move a muscle, and Hornby looked disappointed. Charles only said,—

"May I ask who she is, sir?"

"She is a Miss Summers. Do you know anything of her?"

Charles knew Miss Summers quite well by sight—had attended her while riding, in fact. A statement which, though strictly true, misled Hornby more than fifty lies.

"Handsome?"

"Remarkably so. Probably the handsomest (he was going to say "girl," but said "lady") I ever saw in my life."

"H'm!" and he sat silent a moment, and gave Charles time to think. "I am glad he has married her, and before to-morrow, too."

"Well," said Hornby again, "we shall go down in the drag to-morrow. Ferrers will drive, he says. I suppose he had better; he drives better than I. Make the other two lads come in livery, but come in black trousers yourself. Wear your red waistcoat; you can button your coat over it if it is necessary."

"Shall I wear my cockade, sir?"

"Yes; that won't matter. Can you fight?"

Charles said to himself, "I suppose we shall be in Queer-street to-morrow, then;" but he rather liked the idea. "I used to like it," said he, aloud. "I don't

think I care about it now. Last year, at Oxford, I and three other University men, three Pauls and a Brazenose, had a noble stramash on Folly-bridge. That is the last fighting I have seen."

"What college were you at?" said Hornby, looking out of window; "Brazenose?"

"Paul's," said Charles, without thinking.

"Then you are the man Welter was telling me about—Charles Ravenshoe."

Charles saw it was no good to fence, and said, "Yes."

"By Jove," said Hornby, "yours is a sad story. You must have ridden out with Lady Welter more than once, I take it."

"Are you going to say anything to Lord Welter, sir?"

"Not I. I like you too well to lose you. You will stick by me, won't you?"

"I will," said Charles, "to the death. But oh, Hornby, for any sake mind those d—d bones!"

"I will. But don't be an ass: I don't play half as much as you think."

"You are playing with Welter now, sir; are you not?"

"You are a pretty dutiful sort of groom, I don't think," said Hornby, looking round and laughing good-naturedly.

"What the dickens do you mean by cross-questioning me like that? Yes, I am. There—and for a noble purpose too."

Charles said no more, but was well pleased enough. If Hornby had only given him a little more of his confidence!

"I suppose," said Hornby, "if Hazard don't win to-morrow, Lord Ascot will be a beggar."

"They say," said Charles, "that he has backed his own horse through thick and thin, sir. It is inconceivable folly; but things could not be worse at Ranford, and he stands to win some sum on the horse, as they say, which would put everything right; and the horse is favourite."

"Favourites never win," said Hornby; "and I don't think that Lord Ascot has so much on him as they say."

So, the next day, they went to the Derby. Sir Robert Ferrers of the

Guards drove (this is Inkerman Bob, and he has got a patent cork leg now, and a Victoria Cross, and goes a-shooting on a grey cob); and there was Red Maclean, on furlough from India; and there was Lord Swansea, youngest of existing Guardsmen, who blew a horn, and didn't blow it at all well; and there were two of Lieutenant Hornby's brother-officers, besides the Lieutenant; and behind, with Hornby's two grooms and our own Charles, dressed in sober black, was little Dick Ferrers, of the Home Office, who carried a peashooter, and pea-shot the noses of the leading horses of a dragful of Plungers, which followed them—which thing, had he been in the army, he wouldn't have dared to do. And the Plungers swore, and the dust flew, and the wind blew, and Sir Robert drove, and Charles laughed, and Lord Swansea gave them a little music, and away they went to the Derby.

When they came on the course, Charles and his fellow-servants had enough to do to get the horses out and see after them. After nearly an hour's absence he got back to the drag, and began to look about him.

The Plungers had drawn up behind them, and were lolling about. Before them was a family party—a fine elderly gentleman, a noble elderly lady, and two uncommonly pretty girls; and they were enjoying themselves. They were too well bred to make a noise; but there was a subdued babbling sound of laughter in that carriage, which was better music than that of a little impish German who, catching Charles's eye, played the accordion and waltzed before him, as did Salome before Herod, but with a different effect.

The carriage beyond that was a very handsome one, and in it sat a lady most beautifully dressed, alone. By the step of the carriage were a crowd of men—Hornby, Hornby's brother-officers, Sir Robert Ferrers, and even little Dick Ferrers. Nay, there was a Plunger there; and they were all talking and laughing at the top of their voices.

Charles, goose as he was, used to be very fond of Dickens's novels. He used

to say that almost everywhere in those novels you came across a sketch, maybe unconnected with the story, as bold and true and beautiful as those chalk sketches of Raphael in the Taylor—scratches which, when once seen, you could never forget any more. And, as he looked at that lady in the carriage, he was reminded of one of Dickens's master-pieces in that way, out of the "Old Curiosity Shop"—of a lady sitting in a carriage all alone at the races, who bought Nell's poor flowers, and bade her go home and stay there, for God's sake.

Her back was towards him, of course; yet he guessed she was beautiful. "She is a fast woman, God help her!" said he; and he determined to go and look at her.

He sauntered past the carriage, and turned to look at her. It was Adelaide.

As faultlessly beautiful as ever, but ah—how changed! The winning petulance, so charming in other days, was gone from that face for ever. Hard, stern, proud, defiant, she sat there upright, alone. Fallen from the society of all women of her own rank, she knew—who better?—that not one of those men chattering around her would have borne to see her in the company of his sister, viscountess though she were, countess and mother of earls as she would be. They laughed, and lounged, and joked before her; and she tolerated them, and cast her gibes hither and thither among them, bitterly and contemptuously. It was her first appearance in the world. She had been married three days. Not a woman would speak to her: Lord Welter had coarsely told her so that morning; and bitterness and hatred were in her heart. It was for this she had bartered honour and good fame. She had got her title, flung to her as a bone to a dog by Welter; but her social power, for which she had sold herself, was lower, far lower, than when she was poor Adelaide Summers.

It is right that it should be so, as a rule; in her case it was doubly right.

Charles knew all this well enough. And at the first glance at her face he knew that "the iron had entered into

her soul" (I know no better expression), and he was revenged. He had ceased to love her, but revenge is sweet—to some.

Not to him. When he looked at her, he would have given his life that she might smile again, though she was no more to him what she had been. He turned, for fear of being seen, saying to himself,—

"Poor girl! Poor dear Adelaide! She must lie on the bed she has made. God help her!"

Haphazard was first favourite—*facile princeps*. He was at two and a half to one. Bill Sykes, at three and a half, was a very dangerous horse. Then came Carnarvon, Lablache, Lickpitcher, Ivanhoe, Ben Caunt, Bath-bun, Hamlet, All-fours, and Colonel Sibthorp. The last of these was at twenty to one. Ben Caunt was to make the running for Haphazard, so they said; and Colonel Sibthorp for Bill Sykes.

So he heard the men talking round Lady Welter's carriage. Hornby's voice was as loud as any one's, and a pleasant voice it was; but they none of them talked very low. Charles could hear every word.

"I am afraid Lady Welter will never forgive me," said Hornby, "but I have bet against the favourite."

"I beg your pardon," said Adelaide.

"I have bet against your horse, Lady Welter."

"My horse?" said Adelaide, coolly and scornfully. "My horses are all post-horses, hired for the day to bring me here. I hope none of them are engaged in the races, as I shall have to go home with a pair only, and then I shall be disgraced for ever."

"I mean Haphazard."

"Oh, that horse?" said Adelaide; "that is Lord Ascot's horse, not mine. I hope you may win. You ought to win something, oughtn't you? Welter has won a great deal from you, I believe."

The facts were the other way. But Hornby said no more to her. She was glad of this, though she liked him well enough, for she hoped that she had offended him by her insolent manner. But they were at cross-purposes.

Presently Lord Welter came swinging in among them; he looked terribly savage and wild, and Charles thought he had been drinking. Knowing what he was in this mood, and knowing also the mood Adelaide was in, he dreaded some scene. "But they cannot quarrel so soon," he thought.

"How d'ye do?" said Welter to the knot of men round his wife's carriage. "Lady Welter, have your people got any champagne, or anything of that sort?"

"I suppose so; you had better ask them."

She had not forgotten what he said to her that morning so brutally. She saw he was madly angry, and would have liked to make him commit himself before these men. She had fawned, and wheedled, and flattered for a month; but now she was Lady Welter, and he should feel it!

Welter looked still more savage, but said nothing. A man brought him some wine; and, as he gave it to him, Adelaide said, as quietly as though she were telling him that there was some dust on his coat,—

"You had better not take too much of it; you seem to have had enough already. Sir Robert Ferrers here is very taciturn in his cups, I am told; but you make such a terrible to-do when you are drunk."

They should feel her tongue, these fellows! They might come and dangle about her carriage-door, and joke to one another, and look on her beauty as if she were a doll; but they should feel her tongue! Charles's heart sank within him as he heard her. Only a month gone, and she desperate!

But of all the mischievous things done on that race-course that day—and they were many—the most mischievous and uncalled-for was Adelaide's attack upon Sir Robert Ferrers, who, though very young, was as sober, clever, and discreet a young man as any in the Guards, or in England. But Adelaide had heard a story about him. To wit, that, going to dinner at Greenwich with a number of friends, and having taken two glasses or so of wine at his dinner, he got it into his

head that he was getting tipsy, and refused to speak another word all the evening for fear of committing himself.

The other men laughed at Ferrers. And Welter chose to laugh too; he was determined that his wife should not make a fool of him. But now every one began to draw off and take their places for the race. Little Dick Ferrers, whose whole life was one long effort of good nature, stayed by Lady Welter, though horribly afraid of her, because he did not like to see her left alone. Charles forced himself into a front position against the rails, with his friend Mr. Sloane, who had turned up, and held on thereby, intensely interested. He was passionately fond of horse-racing; and he forgot everything, even his poor, kind old friend Lord Ascot, in scrutinising every horse as it came by from the Warren, and guessing which was to win.

Haphazard was the horse, there could be no doubt. A cheer ran all along the line, as he came walking majestically down, as though he knew he was the hero of the day. Bill Sykes and Carnarvon were as good as good could be; but Haphazard was better. Charles remembered Lady Ascot's tearful warning about his not being able to stay; but he laughed it to scorn. The horse had furnished so since then! Here he came, flying past them like a whirlwind, shaking the earth, and making men's ears tingle with the glorious music of his feet on the turf. Haphazard, ridden by Wells, must win! Hurrah for Wells!

As the horse came slowly past again, he looked up to see the calm, stern face; but it was not there. There were Lord Ascot's colours, dark blue and white sash; but where was Wells? The jockey was a smooth-faced young man, with very white teeth, who kept grinning and touching his cap at every other word Lord Ascot said to him. Charles hurriedly borrowed Sloane's card, and read,

"Lord Ascot's Haphazard——J. Brooks."

Who, in the name of confusion, was J. Brooks? All of a sudden he remembered. It was one of Lord Ascot's own lads. It was the very lad that rode

Haphazard the day that Adelaide and he rode out on to the Downs, at Ransford, to see the horse gallop. Lord Ascot must be mad.

"But Wells was to have ridden Haphazard, Mr. Sloane," said Charles.

"He wouldn't," said Sloane, and laughed sardonically. But there was no time for Charles to ask why he laughed, for the horses were off.

Those who saw the race were rather surprised that Ben Caunt had not showed more to the front at first to force the running; but there was not much time to think of such things. As they came round the corner, Haphazard, who was lying sixth, walked through his horses and laid himself alongside of Bill Sykes. A hundred yards from the post, Bill Sykes made a push, and drew a neck a-head; in a second or so more Haphazard had passed him, winning the Derby by a clear length; and poor Lord Ascot fell headlong down in a fit, like a dead man.

Little Dicky Ferrers, in the excitement of the race, had climbed into the rumble of Adelaide's carriage, peashooter and all; and, having cheered rather noisily as the favourite came in winner, he was beginning to wonder whether he hadn't made a fool of himself, and what Lady Welter would say when she found where he had got to, when Lord Welter broke through the crowd, and came up to his wife, looking like death.

"Get home, Adelaide! You see what has happened, and know what to do. Lady Welter, if I get hold of that boy, Brooks, to-night, in a safe place, I'll murder him, by——!"

"I believe you will, Welter. Keep away from him, unless you are a madman. If you anger the boy, it will all come out. Where is Lord Ascot?"

"Dead, they say, or dying. He is in a fit."

"I ought to go to him, Welter, in common decency."

"Go home, I tell you. Get the things you know of packed, and taken to one of the hotels at London Bridge. Any name will do. Be at home to-night, dressed, in a state of jubilation; and

keep a couple of hundred pounds in the house. Here, you fellows! her ladyship's horses—look sharp!”

Poor little Dicky Ferrers had heard more than he intended; but Welter, in his madness, had not noticed him. He didn't use his peashooter going home, and spoke very little. There was a party of all of them in Hornby's rooms that night, and Dicky was so dull at first, that his brother made some excuse to get him into the passage, and say a few eager, affectionate words to him.

“Dick, my child, you have lost some money. How much? You shall have it to-morrow.”

“Not half a halfpenny, Bob; but I was with Lady Welter just after the race, and I heard more than I ought to have heard.”

“You couldn't help it, I hope.”

“I ought to have helped it; but it was so sudden, I couldn't help it. And now I can't ease my mind by telling anybody.”

“I suppose it was some rascality of Welter's,” said Sir Robert, laughing. “It don't much matter; only don't tell any one, you know.” And then they went in again, and Dicky never told any one till every one knew.

For it came out soon that Lord Ascot had been madly betting, by commission, against his own horse, and that forty years' rents of his estates wouldn't set my lord on his legs again. With his usual irresolution, he had changed his policy—partly owing, I fear, to our dear old friend Lady Ascot's perpetual croaking about “Ramoneur's blood,” and its staying qualities. So, after betting such a sum on his own horse as gave the betting world confidence, and excusing himself by pleading his well-known poverty from going further, he had hedged, by commission; and, could his horse have lost, he would have won enough to set matters right at Ranford. He dared not ask a great jockey to ride for him under such circumstances, and

so he puffed one of his own lads to the world, and broke with Wells. The lad had sold him like a sheep. Meanwhile, thinking himself a man of honour, poor fool, he had raised every farthing possible on his estate to meet his engagements on the turf in case of failure—in case of his horse winning by some mischance, if such a thing could be. And so it came about that the men of the turf were all honourably paid, and he and his tradesmen were ruined. The estates were entailed; but for thirty years Ranford must be in the hands of strangers. Welter, too, had raised money, and lost fearfully by the same speculation.

There are some men who are always in the right place when they are wanted—always ready to do good and kind actions—and who are generally found “to the fore” in times of trouble. Such a man was General Mainwaring. When Lord Ascot fell down in a fit, he was beside him, and, having seen him doing well, and having heard from him, as he recovered, the fearful extent of the disaster, he had posted across country to Ranford and told Lady Ascot.

She took it very quietly.

“Win or lose,” she said, “it is all one to this unhappy house. Tell them to get out my horses, dear general, and let me go to my poor darling Ascot. You have heard nothing of Charles Ravenshoe, general?”

“Nothing, my dear lady.”

Charles had brushed his sleeve in the crowd that day, and had longed to take the dear old brown hand in his again, but dared not. Poor Charles! If he had only done so!

So the general and Lady Ascot went off together, and nursed Lord Ascot; and Adelaide, pale as death, but beautiful as ever, was driven home through the dust and turmoil, clenching her hands impatiently together at every stoppage on the road.

To be continued.

A ZULU FORAY.

"True, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"IMAGINE yourself, my dear Bob, after having toiled for an hour up the sunny side of a South African hill, among stones and sand, trees and rank undergrowth, holes and ant-heaps, with the sun beating on your back until it almost calcines your vertebrae and fries your spinal marrow, not a breath of wind to cool the over-heated air, not a sound to disturb the stagnant atmosphere, except the laborious breathing of your Kaffir attendants, and now and then the rustle of some snake or lizard hastening to hide itself from man, the destroyer—imagine yourself, I say, arrived at the summit at last. What a glorious breeze! What a lovely prospect! How cool, how delicious! You feel as if all nature were re-animated.

"You look down before you and see a country covered with black mimosa trees, appearing even more dark and rugged because it lies in the deep shade of the lofty mountain on which you stand. Beyond that again the land rises on all sides; the trees are scattered in picturesque clumps; and the same sun which you had felt to be an unmitigated torture on the other side, now enhances the beauty of the prospect, by enabling you to mark the striking difference between the bright and happy-looking country behind, and the dark, gloomy valley in front. On the right you have hills and valleys, rivers and plains, kraals, kloofs and trees, until the view is bounded by the Drackensberg mountains. On the left you have the same description of landscape, with the sea in the distance, looking bright and ethereal, as if—as if—"

"As if! As if!"—So you have got out of your depth at last, have you? Well, that's one comfort, at any rate. I asked you *what* he said, and *how* he told it, and you bolt off into a rambling, ranting description of country, that I can neither make head nor tail of. Now, what *did* he tell you?"

"Well, confound it, I was just coming to that," said I, by no means pleased with the interruption; "but, since you're in such an unreasonable hurry, I'll give in to your whim and tell you, without any more preface. I turned to go down the hill, expecting to get some 'mealies' and milk at the next kraal."

"Did he say that?"

"No, of course he didn't."

"Oh! I beg your pardon—go on—"

"Come now, none of *your* nonsense—no sarcasm, or no story."

"As I was saying, I felt as if the slightest sensation of dinner would not come amiss, and the smallest donation in that way, even although it was only a few mealies, was sure to be most thankfully received. So I made for a kraal at a little distance off, intending to stay over night there, but found, on reaching it, that there was no room, and nothing wherewithal to refresh my inner man. This, although at the moment very provoking, proved in the sequel to be a very fortunate circumstance, as it compelled me to move farther on, and had thus the effect of bringing me into contact with an old warrior, who gave me the best description I have ever heard of a Zulu foray into the territories of a neighbouring potentate. Indeed, I quite despair of being able to give it to you with anything like the effect of the original delineator. You know too well the extraordinary descriptive powers of the Kaffirs, their natural eloquence and expressive action, to expect that. But, when you consider the external circumstances—the *mise en scène*, so to speak—you will at once perceive the impossibility of my being able to give you anything but an outline of the word-picture.

"Imagine the *scene*—a Kaffir kraal, with the *dramatis personæ*, consisting of the old warrior, your humble servant,

and about a dozen of Zulus, congregated round a fire in the open air—*time*, night; the occasional growl of the tiger, and howl of the hyena, speaking through the stillness, and the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the dark countenances of the savages. Imagine, too, the effect on the wild, impulsive natures of the native listeners, alternately swayed by the different emotions of hope and fear, as the speaker unfolded his 'strange eventful history.' You may perhaps be disposed to smile, when I tell you that even I, usually so cool, was, while I heard and looked, almost as excited as they were; that I felt every reverse of the Zulus almost as a personal calamity; and that when the narrator came to the triumphant *dénouement*, my feelings were so acute and raised to such a pitch, that I almost started up from the ground and shouted for joy, in sympathy with the stalwart warriors around me! It would of course be absurd in me to hope, for a moment, that my recital at second-hand, and under circumstances so comparatively tame, can produce a like impression. No matter; I shall endeavour to give you the story as I heard it, and, making due allowances for the want of scenic effect and the imperfections of translation, I trust it may still be interesting to you. Thus, then, the veteran began:—

"A great many years ago, just after Dingaan became our king, our captain, Umniāmaná, called his head men together; and, after we were full of meat and angry with beer, he said, 'My father was a great chief, and I am a great chief; are you not all my children, and ought I not to feed you and kill oxen, so that all the Zulu may say, Umniāmaná is a king; every day he kills his cattle, and gives to his people—we will go and join him; he alone in this land is a great captain—he is a lion! he is the man that is black?'

"We admitted it.

"But how can I give you meat, if I have no oxen? How can my young men and girls get milk, if I have no cows? We are at peace; we are becoming women. Surrounding nations

will say that we are no longer warriors, but women; we fight no more, but dig the ground; our assegais have become hoes, our men have no hearts! Is it to be so? Shall the Umswazi herd their cattle in our sight, and we Zulus not take them? Say! Answer me! are we to hide our heads for the strength that is gone, or shall we cross the river and show to our enemy that we are Zulus, not *men* (*cravens*)?'

"My ears are old, and many sounds have entered them since then; but the shout of mingled rage and defiance, that answered our chief's words, still rings in my ears. When I think of the great warriors and the wise men that were there assembled, and the deeds that they afterwards did; I say, when the thought of these things comes in my mind—if it were not that the tears of a man are far away—I could weep to think that I am the last of them. I have lived too long, because I have lived to see the degeneracy of my race.

"The chief's speech had kindled the war spirit in our warriors' minds; and, after all had agreed to take the cattle of the Umswazi, the evening passed away in rejoicings, caused by the knowledge that the young men would have the opportunity of proving themselves heroes worthy to be subjects of our great king—our lion!

"The intended expedition was kept secret from the nation, as it was the wish of Umniāmaná that ours alone should be the risk, and ours alone the glory; and accordingly, on the appointed day, his own people assembled in the valley, and on counting them it was found that we numbered only three regiments; whereupon some of the old men wished to get help from Segetwaio, our neighbouring chief. Umniāmaná rose; Umniāmaná spoke; and his words were like the firebrand applied to dry grass in winter. 'Were the Umswazi more than one nation, and were not we three regiments? And who among us was afraid of encountering a whole nation with one Zulu regiment? How many men did it take to drive a herd of cattle? The Umswazi were dogs that should be

made to eat the offal of the Zulus !' He was a great man, our captain ; as he wished, so we did ; as he motioned, so we went ; if he commanded, then we died !

"We marched towards the enemy's country ; we thirsted, yet we marched ; we hungered, yet we marched. On and on we went, determined to quench our thirst with Umswazi water, and satisfy our hunger with Umawazi cattle.

"I need not tell you how they fled at our approach ; how the name of Zulu caused their hearts to die ; how the name of Umniāmaná caused their women to weep ! We gathered their cattle like stones off the ground ; and the smoke of their kraals obscured the land !

"Onwards and onwards we went ; oftentimes hearing the lowing of their oxen far beneath us ; they had retreated to their holes in the earth, like wolves as they were, and had taken their cattle with them.¹

"One night we had encamped on a hill, with our spoils in the midst, when there came a runner from our great father, our king, who ever thinks of the welfare of his children, and he said, 'Listen to the words of the Lion of the Zulus !—I have heard that some of my people have gone to war without my knowledge ; I have heard that a great captain of mine has led them ; but I forgive both them and him, because I have dreamed a dream, and my great brother—he that is dead—appeared to me ; and his words were partly good and partly evil. He said, "It is I that have kindled the war-flame amongst your warriors on the Pongola ; it is I that have induced Umniāmaná to lead them ; and now I come to warn you of their danger. The Umswazi have found that their number is small, and the nation is roused to attack them. Quick, then, send them word, or the cattle that would be yours will return to their caves ; and the women of the Zulus will hoe mealies in vain, for there will be no one to eat them."

¹ There are many caves in the Umswazi country, and among them one so large, that the whole nation with their cattle took refuge in it during a great raid of the Zulus into their country.

"These were the words of Chaka, my brother ; and mine to you are, 'Be watchful, be wary ; sleep not till you come back—return victorious, or return not at all !'

"The message of the king was ended. Those who were to watch took their posts, and those who could sleep lay down with anxious hearts, wishing the dawn would come, so that they might go their way. The words of our father troubled the chief, and he slept not at all.

"At the break of day we sprang up, and, behold, it was true what the king had dreamed ! Danger was before us—danger in ten thousand, thousand shapes !² The hill on which we slept sloped gently down towards a deep brook, and on the other side was a large grassy plain, which was black with people. The Umswazi were there ; they were more in number than the grass—they covered it.

"I have said before that we were three regiments, each about one thousand people ; two of these were boys, but the one I belonged to were warriors indeed—Umniāmaná's own regiment. All of us had wounds to show, and all on our breasts. The two younger he posted, one at each ford of the brook, and his own he kept on the hill as a reserve.

"The enemy crossed the river ; they attacked the young men ; they came like a cloud of locusts in summer, and our regiments were like to be eaten up by the swarm. Nearer and nearer they came, still fighting, still struggling. What deeds of valour were done ! With what determination they fought ! The Umswazi slipped and fell in their own blood, and he who slipped died. Still up the hill they came—our brave young men contending every inch of the way—and still as they came we sat and sharpened our assegais, and said not a word ; not a face moved, not a limb faltered.

"Then up spoke Umniāmaná and

² The Zulus have no number to express so many ; but I have translated in this way some figurative expression relating to quantity.

said, 'My children! you see how this is; you see our enemy coming nearer and nearer; my young men cannot stop them. You know that, in coming here for cattle, we came without the sanction of the king. You remember our father's message, "Return victorious, or return not at all." But in this attempt I alone have led you. I alone induced you to come. Go, therefore, while there is yet time; cross the hill and depart; mine alone will be the blame with the king. Go, then, my children; escape death; but, as for me, I will stay here!' And he folded his arms and sat down. We sprang up (the old savage gasped with excitement)—we sprang up as one man, we clashed our shields together, we shook our assegais in the air, and we shouted from the bottom of our hearts, 'Stay, chief, stay! we will not go; we will bear you company. If we are to die, let us die together; but never shall it be said that a Zulu army turned before Umswazis while one man remained to show front!'

"And we sat down, calm and black, like the thunder-cloud before it bursts. Our chief replied—

"That is well with such warriors. How can we die?'

"Still the Umswazi came up the hill; nearer and nearer came the mixed throng of warriors, their path black with bodies, and red with blood, until they came so close that we could distinguish their faces. Then! then! upon them we went, thundering down the hill! The cloud had burst, and they saw the light-

ning flash, which next moment annihilated them. Friend and foe, foe and friend, in one indiscriminate mass of struggling, shrieking fiends, we drove them before us; we carried them on our assegais, we brained them with the poles of our shields, we walked over the brook on their bodies! A panic had seized them; and the plain, which in the morning was black with living people, two days after was white with their bones.

"Slowly we returned, glad for our victory, but sorrowing for the friends who were slain; and, leaving the crows to bury the dead, we commenced our homeward march with the spoil.

"We crossed the boundary, and everywhere were met by the rejoicings of the people. No moaning for dead men was there; they had died in their duty; they had died for their king, who liberally gave to his people the cattle we had brought, which were so great in number that no ten men could stop them at a ford.

"On arrival at the king's kraal, our father killed cattle for us, gave us beer to drink, and gave us permission to marry, as we had earned it by our deeds. The day we spent in dancing and feasting, and in the evening we fought our battles over again, as I have now been doing to you."

NOTE.—The Zulu style of speaking is very sententious; they bring out their remarks in jerks; such as, "Our king is great"—"Our king is black"—"Terrible to look at"—"Great in war," &c.

THE VICTORIES OF LOVE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

I.—JANE TO HER MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, I can surely tell,
 Now, that I never shall get well.
 Besides the warning in my mind,
 All suddenly are grown so kind!
 Fred stops the doctor, too, each day
 Downstairs, and, when he goes away,
 Comes smiling back, and sits with me,
 Pale, and conversing cheerfully
 About the spring, and how my cough,
 In finer weather, will leave off.
 But yesterday I told him plain
 I felt no hope of spring again.
 Then he, after a word of jest,
 Burst into tears upon my breast,
 And own'd, when he could speak, he knew
 There was a little danger, too.
 This made me very weak and ill,
 And while, last night, I lay quite still,
 And, as he fancied, in the deep
 Exhausted rest of my short sleep,
 I saw him kneel, and heard him pray,
 "Oh, Father, take her not away!
 "Let not life's dear assurance lapse
 "Into death's agonized 'Perhaps,'
 "A hope without thy sanction, where
 "Less than assurance is despair!
 "Give me some sign, if go she must,
 "That death's not worse than dust to dust,
 "Not heaven on whose oblivious shore
 "Joy I may have, but her no more!
 "The bitterest cross, it seems to me,
 "Of all, is infidelity;
 "And so, if I may choose, I'll miss
 "The kind of heaven which comes to this!
 "If doom'd, indeed, this fever ceased,
 "To die out wholly, like a beast,
 "Forgetting all life's ill success
 "In dark and peaceful nothingness,
 "I could but say, Thy will be done;
 "For, being thus, I am but one
 "Of seed innumerable, which ne'er
 "In all the worlds shall bloom or bear.
 "I've put life past to so poor use
 "Well may'st Thou life to come refuse,
 "And justice, which the spirit contents,
 "Shall still in me all vain laments;

"Nay, pleased, I'll think, while yet I live,
 "That Thou my forfeit joy may'st give
 "To some fresh life, else unelect,
 "And heaven not feel my poor defect!
 "Only let not Thy method be
 "To make that life, and call it me;
 "Still less to sever mine in twain,
 "And tell each half to live again,
 "And count itself the whole! To die,
 "Is it love's disintegrity?
 "Answer me, 'No,' and I, with grace,
 "Will life's brief desolation face;
 "My ways, as native to the clime,
 "Adjusting to the wintry time,
 "Ev'n with a patient cheer thereof."—

He started up, hearing me cough.

Oh, mother, now my last doubt's gone!
 He likes me *more* than Mrs. Vaughan;
 And death, which takes me from his side,
 Shows me, in very deed, his bride!

Thank God, the burthens on the heart
 Are not half known till they depart!
 Although I pray'd, for many a year,
 To love with love that casts out fear,
 His very kindness frighten'd me,
 And heaven seem'd less far off than he.
 For what could such a man discern
 In such a wife? 'Tis hard to learn
 How little God requires of us;
 And with my Frederick err'd I thus.
 And woman's love to man burns dim,
 Unless she thinks she's lov'd by him.

Yet greater love, we read, has none
 Than he who for his friend lays down
 His life, as Fred did, nursing me
 Through many an illness; nay, as he
 Did daily, working all the day
 That I and mine might eat and play.
 Yet could I see no love in this,
 Nor feel the kindness of his kiss;
 And in the darkness would I trace
 His cousin, Mrs. Vaughan's sweet face
 And laugh, that made all love mere debt,
 Till sick with envy and regret.
 That Fred might love the more for nought
 Was far beyond my selfish thought,
 And how my feebleness might be,
 To him, what Baby's was to me.

I pray'd and pray'd; but God's wise way,
 I find, is still to let me pray
 For a better heart, until I'm tired;
 And when indeed the change desired
 Comes, lest I give myself the praise,
 It comes by Providence, not Grace;

And still my thanks for granted prayers
 Are groans at unexpected cares,
 First Baby went to heaven, you know,
 And, five weeks after, Grace went too.
 To hide the gap left by the dead,
 I strove to get more near to Fred;
 And he became more talkative,
 And, stooping to my heart, would give
 Signs of his love which touch'd me more
 Than all the proofs he gave before;
 And in that time of our great grief
 We talk'd religion for relief;
 And thenceforth many a Scripture text
 Help'd me, which had till then perplex'd.
 O, what a wondrous word seem'd this:
 He is my head, as Christ is his!
 None surely could have dared to see
 In marriage such a dignity
 For man, and for his wife still less
 Such happy, happy lowliness,
 Had God Himself not made it plain!
 This revelation lays the rein,
 If I may speak so, on the neck
 Of a wife's love, takes thence the check
 Of conscience, and forbids to doubt
 Its measure is to be without
 All measure, and a right excess
 Is here her rule of godliness!

To think of how this doctrine meets
 My lot, is still the sweet of sweets.
 I took him not for love but fright;
 He did but ask a dreadful right.
 In this was love, that he loved me
 The first, who was mere poverty.
 All that I know of love he taught;
 And love is all I know of aught.
 My merit is so small by his
 That my demerit is my bliss;
 Yet, for the sake of only love,
 And that his gift, does he approve
 His wife entirely, as the Lord
 The Church His Bride, whom thus the Word
 Calls Black but Comely, Precious, Sweet,
 Fair, Pleasant, Holy, yea, Complete,
 When really she was no such thing!
 But God knew well what He could bring
 From nought, and He, her Beauty's cause,
 Saw it, and praised it, ere it was.
 So did, so does my lord, my friend,
 On whom for all things I depend;
 Whose I am wholly, rather who
 I am, so am in all things new;
 My Love, my Life, my Reverence, yes
 And, in some sort, my Righteousness!

For wisdom does in him so shine
My conscience seems more his than mine.
My life is hid with him in Christ,
Never thencefrom to be enticed ;
And in his strength have I such rest
As when the baby on my breast
Finds what it knows not how to seek,
And, very happy, very weak,
Lies, only knowing all is well,
Pillow'd on kindness palpable.

O, this unspeakable delight
Of owing a debt that's infinite !
And yet, if possible, more sweet
The folly, vanity, conceit,
Astonishment, and mystery
That he delights no less in me !

Till now, I saw no hope above
This sweet contentment. Yet my love
Dared never ask, "In the other life,
"Dear, would you choose me for your wife ?"
But death now comes indeed to bring
The bondage of the wedding-ring.
And who can tell what's yet in store
In heaven, where narrow bonds are more
Narrow, if that's their present bliss,
And life's an image still of this,
But such a strange and glorious one
As is the rainbow of the sun !

II.—JANE TO FREDERICK.

I HEARD you praying once, my Love,
That I might be your wife above ;
And this I've written to be read
To comfort you when I am dead.
I cry so I can scarcely write
To fancy you alone at night,
When darkness seems so full of death
That you can hardly get your breath,
Imploring God, perhaps in vain,
For proof that you shall have me again.
When Grace died I was too perplex'd
To call to mind a single text ;
And when, a little while before,
I found her sobbing on the floor,
Because I told her that in heaven
She would be as the angels even,
And would not want her doll, 'tis true
A horrible fear within me grew
That, since the preciousness of love
Went thus for nothing, mine might prove
To be no more, and heaven's bliss
Some dreadful good which is not this.

But being about to die makes clear
Many dark things, and I've no fear,
Now, that my love, my grief, my joy
Is but a passion for a toy.

I cannot speak at all, I find,
The shining something in my mind
That shows so much that, if I took
My thoughts all down, 'twould be a book.
God's Word, which lately seem'd above
The simpleness of human love,
To my death-sharpen'd hearing tells
Of little or of nothing else,
And many thoughts I wish'd were true,
When first they came like songs from you,
Now rise with power beyond the reach
Of doubt, and I to you can teach,
As if with felt authority
And as things seen, what you taught me.

Yet how? I have no words but those
Which every one already knows:
As, "No man hath at any time
"Seen God, but 'tis the love of Him
"Made perfect, and He dwells in us,
"If we each other love." Or thus:
"My goodness misseth in extent
"Of Thee, Lord! In the excellent
"I know Thee; and the Saints on Earth
"Are all my love and holy mirth."
And further: "Inasmuch as ye
"Did it to one of these, to Me
"Ye did it, though ye nothing thought
"Nor knew of Me, in that ye wrought."

Thus, Dear, the love of you and me
Is love to God and charity
To all men. Oh, I love you so
I love all other, friend and foe,
And will, perforce, all kinds of good
To all in need and neighbourhood!
What shall I dread? Will God undo
This bond, which is all others too!
And when I meet you will you say,
To my reclaiming looks, "Away!
"A dearer love is in my arms,
"With higher rights and holier charms;
"The children whom thou here may'st see,
"Neighbours' that mingle thee and me,
"And gaily on impartial lyres
"Renounce the foolish filial fires
"They felt, with 'Praise to God on high,
"Goodwill to all else equally';
"The trials, duties, service, tears;
"The many fond, confiding years
"Of nearness sweet with thee apart;
The joy of body, mind, and heart;

"The love that grew a reckless growth,
"Unmindful that the marriage-oath
"To love in an eternal style
"Meant, only for a little while;
"Sever'd are now these bonds earth-wrought;
"All love, not new, stands here for nought!"

Why, it seems almost wicked, Dear,
Even to fancy such a fear!
Are we not "heirs," as man and wife,
"Together of eternal life?"
Was Paradise e'er meant to fade,
To make which marriage first was made?
Neither beneath him nor above
Could man in Eden find his Love;
Yet with him in the garden walk'd
His God, and with him mildly talk'd!
Shall the humble preference offend,
In heaven, which God did there commend?

Are "honourable and undefiled"
The names of things from heaven exiled?
And are we not forbid to grieve
As without hope? Does God deceive,
And call that hope which is despair,
Namely, the life we should not share?
Image and glory of the man,
As he of God, is woman. Can
This holy, sweet proportion die
Into a dull equality?

And shall I, feeble, have to face
The heaven's unsufferable blaze,
Without your arms to hide me and hold,
Whilst you declare it, gazing bold?
Are we not one flesh, yea, so far
More than the babe and mother are,
That sons are bid mothers to leave
And to their wives alone to cleave,
"For they two are one flesh"? But 'tis
In the flesh we rise! Our union is,
The Bible says, "great mystery."
Great mockery, it appears to me;
Poor image of the spousal bond
Of Christ and Church, if loosed beyond
This life! 'Gainst which, and much more yet,
There's not a single text to set.
The speech to the scoffing Sadducee
Is not in point to you and me.
For "Who," you know, "could teach such clods
"That Caesar's things were also God's?"
The sort of wife the Law could make
Might well be "hated" for Love's sake,
And left, like money, land, or house;
For out of Christ is no true spouse.

I used to think it strange of Him
To make love's after-life so dim,

Or only clear by inference :
 But God trusts much to common-sense,
 And only tells us what, without
 His Word, we could not have found out.
 On fleshly tables of the heart
 He penn'd truth's feeling counter-part
 In hopes that come to all ; so, Dear,
 Trust these, and be of happy cheer,
 Nor think that he who has loved well
 Is of all men most miserable.

There's much more yet I want to say,
 But cannot now. You know my way
 Of feeling strong from twelve till two,
 After my wine. I'll write to you
 Daily some words, which you shall have
 To break the silence of the grave.
 Good-bye ! Be sure, Dear, Heaven's King
 From prayer "withholdeth *no* good thing."

III.—JANE TO FREDERICK.

I've been for days distress'd in mind
 With thoughts of all that you may find,
 When I am gone, to grieve about :
 But if you have it written out
 That this, my own death's burthen, too,
 Was one I sharply felt with you,
 The anguish of the loneliness
 Of unshared sorrow will be less.

You'll think, perhaps, "She did not know
 "How much I loved her !" Dear, I do !
 And so you'll say, "Of this new awe
 "Of heart which makes her fancies law,
 "This sensitive advertency
 "To the least that memory can descry,
 "These watchful duties of despair,
 "She does not dream, she cannot care !"
 Now, Fred, you see how false that is,
 Or how could I have written this ?
 And, should it come into your mind
 That, now and then, you were unkind,
 You never, never were at all !
 Remember that ! It's natural
 For such as Mr. Vaughan to come,
 From a morning's useful pastime, home,
 And, having had his lounge at ease,
 To go down stairs, disposed to please,
 And greet, with such a courteous zest,
 His handsome wife, still newly dress'd,
 As if the Bird of Paradise
 Should daily change her plumage thrice !
 He's always well, she's always gay.
 Of course ! But he who toils all day,
 And comes home hungry, tired, or cold,

And feels 'twould do him good to scold
His wife a little, let him trust
Her love, and boldly be unjust,
And not care till she cries! How prove
In any other way his love,
Till soothed in mind by meat and rest?
If, after that, she's well caress'd,
And told how good she is, to bear
His humour, fortune makes it fair.
Women like men to be like men,
That is, at least, just now and then!
And, so, I've nothing to forgive
But those first years, (how could I live!)
When, though I really did behave
So stupidly, you never gave
One unkind word or look at all.
As if I was some animal
You pitied! Now, in later life,
You've used me like a proper wife,
And dropp'd, at last, all vain pretence
Of what's impossible to sense,
Which is, to feel, in every mood,
That if a woman's kind and good,
A child of God, a living soul,
She's not so different, on the whole,
From her who has a little more
Of God's best gifts. And, oh, be sure,
My dear, dear Love, to take no blame
Because you could not feel the same
Towards me, living, as when dead.
A starving man must needs think bread
So sweet! and, only at their rise
And setting, blessings, to the eyes,
Like the sun's course, grow visible.
And, if you're dull, remember well,
Against delusions of despair,
That memory sees things as they were,
And not as they were misenjoy'd,
And would be, still, if aught destroy'd
The glory of their hopelessness;
So that, in fact, you had me less
In days, when necessary zeal
For my perfection made you feel
My faults the most, than now your love
Forgets but where it can approve.
You gain by loss, if that seem'd small,
Possess'd, which, being gone, turns all
Surviving good to vanity.
Oh, Fred, this makes it sweet to die!
Say to yourself, "'Tis comfort yet
"I made her that which I regret;
"And parting might have come to pass
"In a worse season. As it was
"Love an eternal temper took,

The Victories of Love.

"Dipp'd, glowing, in Death's icy brook!"
 Or else, "On her poor, feeble head
 "This might have fall'n. 'Tis mine instead!
 "And so great evil sets me free,
 "Henceforward, from calamity!
 "And, in her little children, too,
 "How much for her I still can do!"
 And grieve not for these orphans even,
 For central to the love of heaven
 Is each child, as each star to space.
 This truth my dying love has grace
 To trust with a so sure content,
 I fear I seem indifferent!

You must not think a child's small heart
 Cold, because it and grief soon part.
 Fanny will keep them all away,
 And you'll not hear them laugh and play
 Until the funeral's over. Then,
 I hope, you'll be yourself again,
 And glad with all your soul to find
 How God thus to the sharpest wind
 Suits the shorn lambs. Instruct them, Dear,
 For my sake, in His love and fear.
 Show how, until their journey's done,
 Not to be weary they must run;
 And warn them 'gainst the blasphemy
 That Heaven makes sin necessity.
 No fig-leaves hide that shame from God
 Which kills love's root within the sod!

Don't try to dissipate your grief
 By any lightness. True relief
 Of sorrow is by sorrow brought.
 And yet, for sorrow's sake, you ought
 To grieve with measure. Do not spend
 So good a power to no good end!
 Would you, indeed, have memory stay
 In the heart, lock up and put away
 Relics and likenesses and all
 Musings, which waste what they recall.
 True comfort, and the only thing
 To soothe without diminishing
 A prized regret, is to match here,
 By a strict life, God's love severe.
 Yet, after all, by nature's course,
 Feeling must lose its edge and force.
 Again you'll reach the desert tracts
 Where only sin or duty acts.
 But, if love always lit our path,
 Where were the trial of our faith?
 And, should the mournful honeymoon
 Of death be over strangely soon,
 And life-long resolutions made
 In grievous haste, as quickly fade,
 Seeming the truth of grief to mock,

Oh, think, Fred, 'tis not by the clock
That sorrow goes! A month of tears
Is more than many, many years
Of common time. Shun, if you can,
However, any passionate plan.
Grieve with the heart. Let not the head
Grieve on, when grief of heart is dead;
For all the powers of life defy
A superstitious constancy.
The only bond I hold you to
Is that which nothing can undo.
A man is not a young man twice;
And if, of his young years, he lies
A faithful score in one wife's breast,
She need not mind who has the rest.
Yet, ah, love seems too sacred! But
Life has some knots which life must cut;
And courses, having reason strong,
And not by any known law wrong,
May trust themselves that they are right,
At last, in heaven's most tender light.
In this do what you will, dear Love,
And feel quite sure that I approve.
And, should it chance as it may be,
Give her my wedding-ring from me;
And never dream that you can err
Towards me by being good to her;
Nor let remorseful love destroy
In you the kindly, flowering joy
And pleasure of the natural life
'Tis right to feel towards a wife.
But, Dearest, should you ever be
Inclined to think your love of me
All fancy, since it drew its breath
So much more sweetly after death,
Remember that I never did
A single thing you once forbid;
All poor folks loved me, and, at the end,
Even Mrs. Vaughan wrote, "Dearest Friend!"

IV.--JANE TO FREDERICK.

FREDERICK, from many signs, I've drawn
That John is thinking of Miss Vaughan.
I'm sure, too, that her parents know,
And are content to have it so,
Seeing how rich our Boy will be
By uncle's Will; and Emily
(Sweet baby!) will of course approve
The first fine youth they let make love.
I never could get courage, Dear,
To tell you this; it was too near
My heart. My own, own Frederick,
I know you used, when young, to like

Her mother so! I love her too,
 For having been beloved by you.
 Now, in your children, you will wed.
 And John seems so much comforted
 By his new hope, for losing me!
 And all this happiness, you see,
 Somehow or other, if I try
 To talk about it, makes me cry.
 I hope you'll tell sweet Mrs. Vaughan
 How much you loved me, when I'm gone!
 And this reminds me that, last night,
 I went to sleep in strange delight
 And dream'd I was in heaven—mere dreams,
 Yet, to my sickly thought, it seems
 To have been true vision! Things not true,
 As once you show'd me, often do
 To make true things conceivable:
 So what I saw I'll try to tell.
 Imaged in heaven's crystal floor,
 I saw myself, myself no more.
 In such a shape henceforth I dwelt
 That love me most of all I felt
 You must! Though others, to my view,
 Were lovelier, yet the love of you,
 I found, was all the loveliness
 Which there 'twas given you to possess
 Or wish for. So, besides the glow
 Of God, the same on every brow,
 Like me the angelic women were
 Each with a private beauty fair,
 Which was a lovely mystery
 To all, but one who had the key.
 Our marriage-robcs, that round us shook,
 Were love on which the eyes could look,
 On which, too, from seven bows in heaven,
 Whereof the hues were seven times seven,
 And always shifting, fell such light
 As made the expressions infinite
 In those bright veils; for brief above,
 As here, was every joy of love.
 A lady came and gazed on me,
 And laugh'd, and sang, "Glad will he be!"
 And one, "Love, here at last achieved,
 "Not only is but is perceived!"
 And one, who beckon'd me apart,
 Press'd me against her angel's heart,
 And said, "'Tis mine to guard his wife
 "From strangeness till he comes to life."
 Most like to earth's was heaven's good;
 Most different was the gratitude!
 I saw the rose, and felt the breeze,
 And laughed, and sang for bliss of these;
 And everything on every part
 Was, oh, such pleasure in the heart!

The nearness of the Lord I knew
By mild recurrent glows that grew
Within the breast and died away,
And mark'd the change of night and day.
But this was wonderful, that, when
The day was fullest, all the men
Seem'd women, and the women were
Beautiful babies, whom with care
They kept from noon's o'erwhelming might
Singing them stories of the Light,
The burthen of the lullaby
Being, "All praise to God on high,
"Who makes the babes so soft and sweet!"

Sequester'd from the heavenly heat
And splendours of the fields of love,
The lady showed me then a grove.
Breathlessly still was part, and part
Was breathing with an easy heart;
And there below, in lamb-like game,
Were virgins, all so much the same
That each was all. A youth drew nigh,
And gazed on them with dreaming eye,
And would have passed, but that a maid,
Clapping her hands above her, said,
"My turn is now!" and laughing ran
After the dull and strange young man,
And bade him stop and look at her.
And so he call'd her lovelier
Than any else, only because
She only then before him was.
And, while they stood and gazed, a change
Was seen in both, diversely strange.
The youth was ever more and more
That good which he had been before;
But the glad maiden grew and grew
Such, that the rest no longer knew
Their sister, who was now to sight
The young man's self, yet opposite,
As the outer rainbow is the first,
But weaker and the hues revers'd.
And whereas, in the abandon'd grove,
The virgin round the central Love
Had blindly circled in her play,
Now danced she round her partner's way;
And, as the earth the moon's, so he
Had the responsibility
Of her diviner motion. "Lo,"
He sang, and the heavens began to glow,
"The pride of personality,
"Seeking its highest, aspires to die,
"And in unspeakably profound
"Humiliation Love is crown'd!
"And from his exaltation still
"Into his ocean of goodwill

"He curiously casts the lead
 "To find strange depths of lowlihead."
 To one same tune, but higher, "Bold,"
 The maiden sang, "is Love! For cold
 "On earth are blushes, and for shame
 "Of such an ineffectual flame
 "As ill-consumes the sacrifice!"
 By the angel led, in such sweet wise,
 There did my happy hearing greet
 That which she bade me not repeat.
 "Truth levell'd to the world's low eye,
 "In heaven," said she, "appears a lie,
 "And tales of the seraphic sphere
 "Were scandals in the earth's false ear."
 And, following thus the lady, she
 Turn'd oft to gaze and smile on me,
 Saying how like I was to one
 She knew on earth, more heavenly none.
 "And, when you laugh, I see," she sigh'd,
 "How much he loved her! Many a bride
 "In heaven such countersemblance bears,
 "Through what Love deem'd rejected prayers."
 Suffering a momentary lapse
 Earthwards, I thus inquired, "Perhaps
 "The open glory of the Lord
 "Will show, as promised in His Word?"
 And she replied, "What may you mean?
 "Nought else in heaven was ever seen!"
 She would have shown me more, but then
 One of a troop of glorious men,
 From some high work, towards her came;
 And she so smiled 'twas such a flame
 Aaron's twelve jewels seem'd to mix
 With the lights of the Seven Candlesticks.
 (*To be continued.*)

THE LONDON MUSICAL SEASON.

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., MUS. BAC. OXON.

If we wish to ascertain what progress
 the musical art and musical taste are
 making in this country, we cannot
 seek better evidence than is to be found
 in the records of the performances given
 during the London Musical Season.
 The state of the art will be clearly in-
 ferred from the more or less perfect
 manner in which these performances are
 conducted; while, on the other hand, the
 progress of musical taste and musical

education will be unmistakeably shown
 by the nature of the encouragement
 given by the public, and the character
 of the music which is found to be best
 appreciated by them. It may be interest-
 ing, therefore, to take a brief review of
 the music of the past London season, con-
 fining our attention principally to such
 as is of a high-class character, and which,
 therefore, has the most immediate bear-
 ing on the questions we have raised.

And we believe it will be found from this review, that while the performances are fast increasing in excellence, the intelligent appreciation of good music, on the part of the public, is also advancing in a corresponding degree.

The public performances of music in London during what is called the season, may be classed as follows:—

1. The Operas.
2. The Oratorios.
3. The high-class instrumental concerts; i. e., concerts at which music of the first rank, and chiefly instrumental, is given; and
4. The benefit concerts of private individuals.

We may exclude the first and last as not coming within the scope of our present purpose. The Italian Opera is an institution the object of which is to indulge the upper ten thousand with a fashionable lounge, where they may see spectacles got up in the most magnificent style, and listen to the finest voices and the most highly trained singing the world can procure. The character of the music is quite a secondary consideration. The majority of the audience probably lay no claim to any particular fastidiousness on this head; and a regular *habitué* of the opera might be sorely puzzled to understand why *Der Freischütz*, which is never performed, should stand at about the summit of the scale of musical excellence, while *La Traviata*, of which he can hum every note, would find its place in so low a degree of mediocrity, that no educated musician would care to hear it a second time. The influence of the Opera on musical taste is a very wide question, which we cannot enter into here; the institution has its chroniclers in almost every periodical that appears, and we may well be excused from including it in our present *resumé*. We may also omit much reference to the benefit concerts, of which the name is legion. Every professor of music who has any connexion finds it expedient to give, during the season, a concert for his or her especial benefit, and to which his or her connexions and friends are expected to subscribe. Some

of these are got up well, and good music is often produced at them; but, with certain exceptions we may hereafter allude to, they do not generally assume a sufficiently public character to be included in the category we are at present treating of.

We come, therefore, at once to the two heads of most importance. The Oratorio is the highest form of musical composition, combining in itself the two great divisions, vocal and instrumental, in their most complete development. The vocal part of such compositions not only comprises solo and concerted pieces of such style as to call forth and exhibit the best powers of the most educated singers, but is expected to contain, as its chief element, choruses in the highest school of musical writing, and one unknown in the opera, namely, the severe or contrapuntal style. These vocal elements must be accompanied by instrumental combinations calculated to embody the full powers of the modern orchestra, as completely as in the overture or symphony. Hence the very structure of the Oratorio demands large and unwonted means for its performance, difficult and expensive to bring together. Many years ago it was the custom to devote the musical resources of the large theatres to the performance of Oratorios during Lent, when the theatrical representations were suspended; but this practice has now been abolished for many years, and the great arena for the oratorio has been at the large musical festivals given triennially in some of our provincial towns. About thirty years ago, however, an attempt was made to give the inhabitants of the metropolis more regular opportunities of hearing this kind of performance, by the establishment of a society for the purpose, called the Sacred Harmonic Society. This, from a small beginning, has now risen to be the largest musical institution in London. It consists of a body of about 150 members, most of whom are amateur musicians, and who give a series of oratorio performances during the season in Exeter Hall, to which subscribers and the public are admitted. These

are on a very large and complete scale ; the solo singers are usually of the first class ; the orchestra and chorus together number nearly 700 performers. There is also a powerful organ, and the whole is under the able direction of Mr. Costa. The style of these performances is now very perfect ; the principal difficulty is of course with the chorus, as to bring so large a body of voices, necessarily of such heterogeneous constitution, into one harmonious whole, is no easy matter. They have, however, been carefully selected, and are regularly and well drilled, and the performances leave little to desire.

The standard repertory of the society is not large, as to get up new oratorios involves great trouble, and almost certain pecuniary loss ; hence such stock pieces as Handel's *Messiah*, and *Israel in Egypt*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which always pay well, are the most frequently recurring in the programmes. But it is right to say that the society, alive to the consideration that something is expected from them for the advancement of the art, get up, from time to time, performances of other great works, which are less known. In the late season, for example, there have been two performances of the *Elijah*, two of the *Creation*, two of *Israel in Egypt*, two of the *Messiah*, and one of *Judas Maccabeus*, all which may be supposed to have been profitable. But in addition to these, the society have also given two performances of a work almost unknown in this country, namely, Beethoven's *Grand Mass in D*, Op. 123. This, one of the latest works of the composer, is on a colossal scale, and of great difficulty, and can be very seldom heard ; the construction is complex in the extreme ; the solo voices require great musician-like knowledge and skill ; and the chorus parts are so novel and intricate, that only the most careful drilling could carry them through. In one particular especially, namely, that of the compass, they put a great strain on even the best voices ; and this difficulty is so much enhanced by the fact that the pitch now used is about half a

note higher than that for which the composer wrote, that Mr. Costa has been compelled to evade it by alterations and transpositions of some of the parts. There has of late been a desire, strongly expressed by the musical public, to lower the pitch from its present unreasonable height to what it was some years ago. A lower pitch is now established on the Continent, and a movement with this view has also been attempted in England ; and it is obvious that, had this original pitch been adhered to, no alteration of the composer's work would have been necessary. But we must not be hypercritical ; the *Mass* was, considering its immense difficulty, most creditably performed, and afforded great gratification to the many musical connoisseurs who, by the courtesy of the society, were liberally invited to attend. The composition is contemporary with the celebrated Choral Symphony of the same composer, and is characterised, like that, by the peculiarities of his third or latest manner ; but in our judgment, while the style of the composition is equally elevated, the general effect is much more strikingly grand, and much less mystified by what is incomprehensible and *bizarre*. Some parts, such as the *Kyrie*, and the *Benedictus*, are so clear and beautiful, that they might be supposed to have been written long before. This *Mass* was performed at the Birmingham Musical Festival, in September of this year.

The Sacred Harmonic Society have acquired great fame during the last few years, by the monster oratorio performances at the Crystal Palace. The present manager of this great speculation happens also to be the *Magnus Apollo* of the Sacred Harmonic Society ; and at his instigation, the Crystal Palace directors resolved to get up, in the years 1857 and 1859, a series of colossal performances in honour of the centenary of the death of the giant of oratorio music, the immortal Handel. Every one will remember with what *éclat* these went off ; and, though we are hardly prepared to admit that the monster scale of performance is the most effective in a critical point of

view, yet nobody can deny that, as a series of grand musical fêtes, these have been without a parallel. The great "Handel Orchestra" and its organ remain now permanently in the Palace, and have been since used for performances of a similar nature; the oratorios of Elijah last year, and the Creation this year, having been given also on the same scale.

The Crystal Palace managers and officers deserve great credit for the interest they show in music, which has always been made one of the principal attractions of the place. During the summer they organize, for the benefit of the opera-goers, who appear never to tire of their darling platitudes, a series of concerts, where the Italian Opera singers may be seen repeating their well-worn airs in morning attire; and, when these songsters have migrated to more genial climes, there is abundance of pabulum provided of a more substantial nature. The establishment have a permanent orchestra in their service, of very good quality, and conducted by a musician of great talent and ability, Mr. Manns. During the winter season weekly concerts are given, of great merit, both of performance and selection, at which high-class instrumental and vocal music is very creditably given,—the programmes often embracing compositions very little known.

Before quitting the subject of the Oratorio, we must pay a tribute of respect to Mr. Hullah, who, while proprietor of St. Martin's Hall, got up frequent performances of oratorios. These, though of less pretension than those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, were very perfectly and well done, and at a price which brought them within the reach of the million. The late fire has severed the connexion between Mr. Hullah and his music room; but we trust he will long continue his honoured career, as one of the most successful and useful promoters of sound musical knowledge we have in this country. We must also mention that in the present season two new oratorios, by living composers, namely, Abraham, by Herr Molique, and Gideon, by Mr. Charles

Horsley, have been performed in London by private enterprise.

We come now to the performances of high-class orchestral music. The principal concerts of this kind are given by the *Philharmonic Society*, which is of very old standing, and whose concert-room was, till a comparatively late period, the only place in England where music of this kind could be properly heard. The society consists, like the Royal Academy, of forty members, all professional musicians of more or less eminence, and thirty-two associates; the affairs being governed by a small body of directors elected annually. They have had intimate relations with almost all the great composers of their time; Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others, having composed works especially for them. The society was first established in 1812, and has given concerts annually ever since. For a long period the conducting of these was entrusted to various eminent musicians in turn; Mendelssohn being, if we recollect right, engaged permanently for one season, if not more. This changing system, however, not being found advantageous, Mr. Costa, then known as the efficient conductor of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, was engaged as permanent conductor, and retained the post for a few years; but, owing to disputes about the extent of his authority, he resigned, and his place was filled by inviting over Herr Wagner, the great Apostle of the Music of the Future. One year's trial, however, of this experiment proved sufficient; and he was replaced by our most eminent English composer, Professor Sterndale Bennett, under whose excellent management the concerts still remain. The performances, eight in the series, are given once a fortnight from March to June. The number was reduced for a year or two to six; but has lately been altered back again. The subscription to the series is four guineas. Each concert usually comprises two symphonies, two overtures, and one instrumental solo with orchestral accompaniment, with a few vocal pieces added as interludes;

the essence of the concerts being, however, the instrumental music. The selection now consists entirely of well-known standard works of the classical composers, such as the symphonies and overtures of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr, the overtures of Cherubini and Weber, &c. Formerly new or unfamiliar compositions were occasionally added, a measure doubtless desirable while this society formed the only means of hearing music of this order; but, now that other bodies have sprung up with the especial object of bringing forward novelties, the Philharmonic Society appear to have considered that they may be dispensed with in their series; and there is little doubt that an audience may always be found to whom the performance, in the best possible manner, of the well-established works, will always be acceptable. If it were not for this resolution of the society, we think it probable that many charming and excellent works of Haydn and Mozart would have a chance of being neglected altogether; and that thus one of the greatest means of keeping up the purity of musical taste, by frequent impressions of what is most beautiful in the art, might be lost to the public at large.

The Philharmonic concerts are held in the Hanover Square Rooms—beyond all question the best for effect in London. The orchestra consists of twenty-four violins, eight violas, eight violoncellos, eight double basses, eight wood wind-instruments, and ten brass instruments and drums—altogether sixty-six players, being just what the best composers have always considered as the most perfect size of orchestra; and it happens to be exactly of the calibre suited for the room. The band has always held a high character. Some time ago, indeed, by indolence and want of competition, they tended to fall off; but now, under the pressure of the wholesome rivalry of the other societies, they have been improving again, and bid fair to retain their old superiority. The Philharmonic band ranks with that of the Conservatoire at Paris, and

the Gewandhaus at Leipsic. It is, perhaps, inferior in delicacy and precision to these; but it has the palm in vigour and fire. In the playing of particularly energetic works, such, for example, as Weber's Overtures, or the *finale* to Beethoven's fifth symphony, the English band is without a rival. During the last season, the Society have had a severe difficulty to contend with, in consequence of an unusual performance of Italian operas on Monday evenings,—the night till then held sacred to the Philharmonic. As many of the best players belonged to both bands, and were compelled by their opera engagement to attend Covent-garden, the Philharmonic had to choose between changing their night and re-forming their band. They boldly chose the latter alternative, filling many of the old places with entirely fresh artists, but with little detriment; and it has been pleasing to find that the encouragement thus afforded to new players has been the means of bringing out much talent heretofore not appreciated as it deserved.

The last Philharmonic concert was marked by the assistance of a former conductor of the concerts, much esteemed, and under whose baton they peculiarly flourished, Mr. Moscheles; who, after residing many years in this country, settled in Germany some time ago. He played a concerto of his own with much effect, and met with a most enthusiastic reception.

Next year, 1862, is the Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary from the establishing of the society; and it is proposed by the directors to mark the year as a peculiar epoch in its annals by offering to the subscribers a complimentary extra concert, for the performance, on a large scale, of "the colossal works written expressly for the society by Beethoven, "Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great "composers," and of one appropriate work, to be composed specially for the occasion by Dr. Bennett, the conductor.

The concerts of what is called the "New Philharmonic Society" come next in our list. These were founded about ten years ago by Dr. Wyld, who

associated a number of influential gentlemen with him to give a series of good orchestral concerts in Exeter Hall. He formed a good band, and invited over some foreign musicians of eminence to conduct them; among whom, in different years, were Lindpaintner, Berlioz, and Spohr. The music was well done, and selections of great interest were chosen; for, as a good chorus was provided, vocal works of considerable magnitude and novelty, as well as instrumental ones of high character, were included in the programmes; and the performances excited great interest among the musicians of London. The speculation was a bold and laudable one; but the expenses were very heavy, the place was too large, and the thing did not pay. Dr. Wylde contracted the scale, and removed first to St. Martin's Hall, then to Hanover Square, and finally to St. James' Hall, where the concerts, conducted now entirely by himself, and, we believe, on his own responsibility, are now held. Five or six concerts are given during the season, for a moderate subscription; each contains generally one symphony, two overtures, one instrumental concerto, and some vocal pieces. The music is usually very creditably done; during the last season excellent performances were given of Beethoven's Choral Symphony (apparently a great favourite with this audience), and of Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone*. Dr. Wylde has done much in these concerts to bring good orchestral music within the reach of moderate payers, and deserves credit accordingly.

We have yet another series of first-rate orchestral concerts, that of the Musical Society. This institution was founded in 1858, having for its object "the advancement of music in England;" and its operations are stated to embrace orchestral and choral concerts of a high class, conversazioni, meetings for the discussion of musical subjects and for private practice, and the establishment of a good musical library. The concerts, given in St. James' Hall, number four in each year; and new or little known works of importance are gene-

rally introduced in the course of the season. A novelty this year has been an interesting symphony by Schumann. The band is very excellent, and is well disciplined by the conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Lastly, as regards orchestral concerts, we have had a new society established this year, calling itself the "Musical Art Union," which has given, in the Hanover Square Rooms, three concerts, vocal and instrumental, with the chief object of bringing out high-class music, either new, or not much known. The novelties this season have been an overture by Beethoven, Op. 124, very seldom performed; a new symphony, by Rubinstein, interesting to hear, but of no great success; Cherubini's fine Requiem; and a Cantata by Gade—"The Erl-King's Daughter." The band and chorus mustered nearly 120 strong; the performances, under the conductorship of Mr. Klindworth, were very respectable; and the object was highly praiseworthy. We hope they had encouragement enough to induce the society to continue.

We must not omit to notice, also, the progress, of late years, of another branch of instrumental music, which, though less pretentious than the orchestral variety, is of equally high rank in a critical point of view, namely, *classical chamber music*. It was long supposed that instrumental quartetts and quintetts were of far too refined and *recherché* a nature for the popular ears, and were only to be admired by select circles of highly-educated dilettanti; but it wanted only a trial to disprove this idea. A year or two ago a set of concerts was established, held weekly in St. James' Hall, at a very low rate of admission, under the name of the "Popular Concerts," in which the principal attraction was the performance, by first-rate artists, of music of this kind. The experiment has proved that such music had only to be well brought before the public to be highly appreciated by them. The room was nightly crowded, and the Popular Concerts, under able management, have become a permanent metropolitan institution.

At these concerts an excellent system is adopted—first introduced, we believe, by Dr. Wylde, at the New Philharmonic—of circulating among the audience a programme containing descriptive and critical notes on the principal pieces performed; which, when well done, not only adds much to the interest with which they are listened to, but also greatly enhances their educational influence.

Now let us briefly sum up what all this implies, and see how it warrants the conclusion we have hazarded as to the general advancement of music in the present day.

The Opera proves nothing. It was as popular and fashionable a hundred years ago as it is now; the singers were as well educated, and the music was better. The only modern advancement is in the scale and getting up of the spectacle, and in the magnitude and character of the band, which has simply improved as other public orchestras have done.

The oratorios, however, tell a different tale; for at no former time have the performances been so frequent, or the scale so perfect, or the appreciation by the general public so marked as now. The great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, in the year 1784, with a band and chorus of 525 performers, was an exceptional thing, only intended to recur, perhaps, once or twice in a century. Now we have performances larger and as perfect many times every year.

The instrumental concerts show a still more marked advance. Down to a few years ago, very few of the world outside the classic inclosure of the Philharmonic Society knew what a symphony meant, and the performance of one to the public in general would scarcely have been intelligible. But now we have no less than four regular series of symphony-giving public societies, saying nothing of the fact that at all sorts of promenade and other concerts, where a capable orchestra can be got together, the performance of a symphony or a portion of one is always welcome; the special

nights for Beethoven's, Mozart's, or Mendelssohn's instrumental music, being always red-letter occasions in the treasury of such speculations.

Classical chamber music, too, is no longer *caviare* to the multitude. The fact of a large hall being crowded with one shilling auditors to hear Beethoven's quartets, is one which could scarcely have been anticipated, and which can only be explained by a most important advance in public taste.

Another circumstance, also strongly indicative of the increasing popularity of good music, has gone hand in hand with the advances in the performance—we mean the vast modern spread of its distribution by publication. A copy of an oratorio was, some time back, a scarce and expensive thing; now, complete editions of almost every popular work of the kind may be had at prices so low that the auditors purchase and use them to follow the performance, just as they would formerly have done books of the words. The number of complete editions of the Messiah, published within the last ten years, would be counted by dozens, and the copies sold probably by hundreds of thousands. It would be odd, indeed, if such an immense circulation of good music at a cheap rate, finding its way, as it must do, to every fire-side, did not tell favourably on taste in general. Then, to look a degree higher, the full score of an oratorio or a symphony was formerly a mystical hieroglyphic, only possessed and only understood by the conductor of the orchestra. Now we see a plentiful sprinkling of them in the hands of the auditory, anxious to gather all the additional enjoyment and instruction afforded by the *reading* of a score during its performance, and becoming by that very means more exigent critics of the accuracy and skill with which the music is done.

We have said that the private benefit concerts do not materially affect our argument; but they show in their general character an increased number of skilled executants, and the London season seldom passes over without the occur-

rence of some special pianoforte performances worth mentioning. This year has been distinguished for a remarkable series by Mr. Charles Hallé, one of our best players—namely, no less than the performance at several morning concerts of the whole of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas, upwards of thirty in number. This, the finest collection of pianoforte music in existence, most unexceptionably played, was, indeed, a great treat to those who heard it, and formed, we think, no mean element of the general high tone which music has taken during the past season.

And, while we are on the subject of the pianoforte, we would not lose the opportunity of raising our voice against the wretched and unworthy style of music which is now so much in vogue for this instrument at boarding-schools and other places where they learn to play. We allude to that amorphous, scratchy, fantastical style of composition (if we may so debase the word), the essence of which consists in torturing scraps of airs into a wild, harum-scarum filagree of notes, scattered about the instrument in a manner so utterly unmeaning as only to excite ridicule or disgust, instead of pleasure, in any well-regulated musical mind. Music this is not; it is not written by musicians, nor played, as a matter of choice, by musicians either; and it is rather puzzling to conceive how, in the face of the great body of excellent and intelligent teachers we have, it can have come into use. Probably Thalberg would be quoted as its originator, but this is a libel on him; his music, though quite novel, and more free in style than any that had gone before, was still intelligible and rational music;—this is music run mad; and we can only account for its existence by supposing it to be the production of authors who are incompetent to produce any pro-

per music, and so fill the sheets of their publishers with rubbish of this kind. It is, we suppose, a fashion which young ladies fall into, like crinoline, or the imitation of the pretty horsebreakers, and which will in due time come to an end. But we warn them, that the prevalence in drawing-rooms of this deplorable style of playing is fast becoming unendurable; and we are apt, on hearing of the profitless difficulties of the pieces, to exclaim with Dr. Johnson, "Difficult! I wish they were impossible!"

We are not among the cynics who would condemn little girls to play Beethoven's Sonatas and Mendelssohn's Lieder. Let us have gay, even trivial, music, if you will; so that it be music, and not empty imposture. We can listen with pleasure to the *Pluie des Perles* for the thousandth time, or to the *Dixey's Land Polka*, under the hand of a little maiden of six, with infinitely greater pleasure than to a modern "brilliant fantasia" which has taken a regulation young lady a quarter of finishing lessons to learn, and which, when done, being totally devoid of either melody, harmony, or rhythm, has no legitimate claim to be called music at all.

The true remedy for this, as for all other cases of bad taste in music, is the constant production before the public of compositions of a true and higher standard. It is impossible that any mind, capable of music impressions at all, can, after hearing good music, rest content with bad; and therefore we return to the sentiment with which we set out—namely, that, when we review the constantly-increasing amount of good music offered to the public, and the constantly-increasing interest with which the public receives it, we must augur well for the progress of the art in this country.

GOOD AND EVIL: AN ESSAY.

BY DR. FELIX EERTY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Breslau, AUTHOR OF
"THE STARS AND THE EARTH."

IN TWO PAPERS:—PAPER THE SECOND.

HAVING demonstrated, in our former paper, how humanity is to be considered as an organic whole, whose particular organs are individual men, we are now better enabled to answer the question about the rule of what they have to do and to shun, or in other words, the question about good and evil. We have to seek the rule which determines the actions and aims of mankind, and from this rule we then may infer the laws which must govern the activity of every individual. For every individual, in every action, is a representative of, and works for, humanity, which produces for every given task a particular fitting performer. The organic whole of humanity may here be compared to the thinking artist, and every individual man may be likened to a finger of that artist—a finger which contributes to realize what the thinking head has invented and intended.

We have, first, to find the ruling law for the actions of mankind in the whole. What is a law? This word, "law," has different meanings, of which the following example is an illustration. A timepiece is designed to mark the true time of day, which design is the law of the timepiece. The very best timepieces, the chronometers, do not fully answer that purpose; for the most improved timepieces are indeed almost uniform and accurate in their motion, but the motion does not exactly agree with the revolution of the earth, which must be normal for the timepiece. The real motion of the timepiece, therefore, has another law than that which the artist would have given, if he had been able fully to realize his intentions. Therefore, the captain of a ship, or the astronomer, has to calculate certain tables, which point out the dif-

ference between the motion of the chronometer and that of the earth; and by those tables he may know at a moment's notice how much the time measured by his chronometer differs from the revolution of the stars. This revolution, therefore, of the stars, or the calendar, is the law for that which the timepiece ought to be; whereas those calculated tables mark the law of what the timepiece is, and of what degree of perfection this instrument is capable. The two laws in this case differ from each other, because the instrument, whose law is being sought, does not correspond in reality to the rational intention of him who made it. But, if a thing is entirely rational and perfect in all its parts, then those two laws are congruent; and there are no more two laws for it—there is only one. For instance, we never can say of a star that it ought to go in such a manner, but that it goes in another manner, because the calculations of the astronomer do not agree with its orb; but we shall not hesitate to pronounce that the astronomer was wrong in his calculations. The reader will know that we owe one of the most splendid manifestations of human sagacity to this principle—the discovery of the planet Neptune by Leverrier.

This example will make it evident that for a thing entirely rational and perfect there exists only one law, because in reality such a thing is all that it ought to be, so that, if I know what it is designed to be, I at the same time know what it is in reality. Now it is our persuasion that mankind, as a totality, is perfectly rational. Is not the world created by God—that is, by the highest and most absolute wisdom and rationality we are able to imagine? and can the highest wisdom create what

is otherwise than wise and rational in all its parts? But this must be elucidated by some words more.

An entire that is throughout homogeneous can only contain homogeneous parts. A cubic foot of genuine gold can no longer be called genuine gold if the smallest possible part of it is adulterated by the smallest possible alloy of some other metal. A metallic body is perfectly metallic, be it golden, or be it composed of gold and silver, or of a mixture of all possible metals; but, if the smallest part of it is not metallic, then the whole can no more be called a perfectly metallic body. It is the same with the mental and spiritual attributes of a subject. A history is perfectly true so long as not the smallest error nor the smallest untruth is contained therein; and a perfectly rational entire is no more perfectly rational if it contains even the smallest particle of irrationality. It is, therefore, needless to prove that in the universe, created rationally by God's supreme reason, there can be contained nothing contradictory to rationality. It will be objected that, among men, who are doubtless a part of the universe, there occur so many things and actions contrary to reason. But this seeming contradiction ceases to puzzle us if we bear in mind that this irrationality exists only because we look at the individual actions of men as such, and not as forming a part of the whole created world. That is irrational which is in contradiction with the rational intention of Him who has to command; and, in a world created by the wisdom and the omnipotence of God, we cannot think that anything should be allowed to exist in opposition to His supreme rationality, and to His almighty will.

Man is the noblest of all creatures who obey the laws of nature. Favoured with the faculty of acting according to our own free will, and with the power of thinking and reasoning, we may call ourselves the crown of creation. This freedom and self-government of ours cannot be conceived without the faculty of acting according to our own pleasure,

either reasonably or unreasonably; for man is not free unless the impulse of being rational be balanced by an equal impulse of being irrational. If such an equilibrium exists, it is as likely that a man should act right as that he should act wrong, and a third power must supervene to engage him to do either. Such an irrationality of human action is irrational only as long as we occupy ourselves with humanity isolated from its connexion with the universe; and human irrationality exists only and exclusively within the sphere of mankind, but disappears as we ascend to a point of view whence the whole world appears as a unity, and mankind as an organical part of this unity. The irrationality inseparable from human nature is rational as an elastic spring within the wonderful mechanism of the world.

He who ventures to deny this may say with equal propriety that fire was only created to warm and to shine, but, when the same fire burns our houses, or ignites the stake to burn innocently condemned persons, declare that this phenomenon is contrary to the purpose of its Creator, and only permitted by Him. If any one should in earnest bring forward such a proposition, it would not be difficult to set him right by showing that he regarded fire from a very narrow point of view, unable to appreciate that so-called element as an indispensable agent within the sphere of matter. Such an individual would mistake that essential agent of nature for an accidental instrument for the use of man. On the contrary, whenever we discuss human affairs, in order to judge clearly, we must keep in view humanity as an organic inseparable Entire. If then this united humanity in its totality bear in itself a power of surmounting and rendering inoffensive the irrationality of the separate parts, then the final result, produced by the conflict of all actions and reactions of reason and error, must be rationality and harmony. Only with this final result, with this surplus of reason, humanity enters as a rational part into the organization of the Universe, despatching the business of combating

and overcoming the errors of individuals by itself quite as a home affair.

The reader will excuse me if I come back once more to the simile of the timepiece. The movement of a pendulum clock will be retarded by heat, which expands, and accelerated by cold, which shortens the pendulum. Now a pendulum, according to certain scientific principles, can be constructed lozenge-shaped, in such a manner that the expansion of the single parts of this pendulum by heat is made up by compensation, because the horizontal middle-piece, being stretched out by the increase of temperature, shortens the dimensions of the whole, exactly as much as the heat would have lengthened it, and the influence of cold is compensated by a similar action and reaction. A timepiece provided with such a pendulum may be said to be subjected to the dominion of the changing temperature quite as much and quite as little as mankind is under the dominion of irrationality. The pendulum must indeed yield to the influence of heat and cold; but, in so far as the instrument is able to vanquish this influence, it may be regarded as independent of the temperature for him who wishes to know the time of day. Quite so is mankind perfectly rational as to that task which it has to fulfil, as an organical part of the universe, vanquishing within its own limits the irrationality of individuals by the rational construction of the whole, and doing its duty with the resulting surplus of rationality.

What kind of duty this task of mankind may be, we learn from history. History shows us in what manner humanity proceeds step by step to fulfil the mission of ruling this our earth by reason and rationality, and lay the foundation of that empire of reason which is destined to extend its dominion all over the surface of our planet. To ascertain that such is really the task of the human race, is the business of those skilled in history; and, having undertaken an ethical and not a historical essay, we must refer the reader for the proof of that proposition to the historian, whose principal task it is to

point out in history the rational progress of mankind. Let us remember only that history shows us among the different nations on earth the same division of labour which we saw prevalent among the individuals. Nations appear and disappear one after another; every one of them has certain provinces of art, of science, and of religion to cultivate, and to work out almost to perfection—to such a perfection that, after a lapse of hundreds and thousands of years, we are struck with awe in contemplating the performances of those nations which vanished centuries ago from the surface of our earth. And if the present age, abolishing more and more by its inventions the separating barriers of time and space, has more obliterated the original diversity of nations than any preceding period of history, yet still now such a division of labour between the different nations is to be perceived, and we might point it out, if such a design were within the limits of this disquisition. Nevertheless, we must be aware that in many regions of art, science, and politics, we are standing barely on the shoulders of long-perished nations, not to mention the eternal doctrines of religion, revealed to us by the prophets of a nation which has long ceased to exist as such. But, in worldly matters also, we are far from having produced anything equal to the works of Homer, Sophocles, and Demosthenes; and there is scarcely any piece of furniture within our rooms, but the embellishments of it are taken from Greek or Etrurian models; and the greatest praise we bestow on a modern sculptor is that his works come near those of the ancient Greeks. Roman laws continue to be valid in our tribunals until the present day. In so masterly a way did those nations fulfil their task, and then vanish from the surface of this earth, some of them perishing totally and completely, some others by coalescing with other nations. But this succession of nations is not completely to be understood as yet, because every day brings forth new tasks for the labour of nations and of individuals. Futurity covers with its veil the deeds and actions

reserved for the exertion of posterity, just as the horizon, receding before the navigator, opens to his view those parts of his voyage which formerly he was not able to behold. Such a navigator will finally reach the opposite shore; but the history of mankind has no such limits, and we shall be carried on by its progress as far as to the end of all time. It is, indeed, almost impossible for us shortsighted beings to have a perfect understanding of that career which Providence has ordained for the human race to go through; but, this career being traced to the rational intention of God, the philosopher may observe the small portion of this endless plan revealed to him by history, with the same sagacity with which the astronomer observes the course of a comet. The portion of the revolutions of such a comet which he can follow with his telescope is exceedingly small, compared to the almost endless dimensions of its orbit; but the smallest part of a rational entire is sufficient to reveal to the initiated the law and principles of the whole. This law for the actions of mankind, we have seen, is no other than to establish a rational empire extending its sway over the whole surface of this our earth.

And now we are arrived at that point where it is possible to draw the net of our conclusions, and to see if we have really caught up in it the notion of good and evil which it was the problem of this disquisition to discover.

Before we address ourselves to this, let us not forget that we must not expect to find anything but what is comprised within the compass of the earth on which we are. We are not entitled to expect any higher result, because we started from an ethical point of view, and we have been restricting ourselves all along by the laws of human ethics. This ethical point of view was that from which man considers himself as a finished and perfect creation of God, having to seek his way, and to prepare and to pave it for himself, with those powers and faculties which he has received from his Maker. We, therefore, have only to explore that part of this way over which our path

lies during our life on earth, assigning to theology those other parts of this way which lie before the beginning and after the end of our earthly career. It is, therefore, true that the torch of reason is able to illuminate only a short fragment of our eternal life, and that by mere reasoning we never shall gain any knowledge of the life we are taught to expect after death. But reason can never comprehend more than a short fragment of human existence. We do not attain to reason and consciousness at our first entrance on this planet as one of its citizens, but there must be a long period of mere animal or vegetable life, antecedent to the state of distinct consciousness; and again, we quit life in a state of unconsciousness, because there are, in every case, at least some moments of total insensibility preceding death. In this manner our life lies before us like a stream, of which alike the springs and the entrance into the ocean are unknown. Our infantine existence is a dark mystery for ourselves, and what is passing in a child's soul we can but imperfectly guess and conjecture. But, if every man is to himself a fragment and a riddle, how can the boundless history of humanity be more intelligible to him? Enough for us to be able to apply that infinite notion of good which we have tried to develop by our reasoning, to that limited space of our terrestrial life which we with our reason survey and govern.

We began with stating that everybody knows, and must needs know, what in each individual case is good or bad; and that, in this special case, he may judge correctly and positively—not indeed, in general, from a just and clear insight into the idea and supreme principles of good, but rather from a vague feeling, or from a conviction acquired by instruction, tradition, or revelation. If, then, that vague notion really and truly has been explained as identical with a reasonable dominion of man over the earth, this definition must yield a standard by which each of these individual cases is to be tried and determined. We must prove that all we recognise as

equivalent to good, or as a direct consequence of good, is a special case of the general rule about the reasonable government of earth. We must clearly show that the source of all virtue, felicity, human perfection, and duty is completely contained in this rule. For virtue, felicity, perfection, and duty mark the different points of view under which men are inclined to contemplate the supreme good, according to their different education and sagacity.

Our demonstration is not difficult. Man, we said, is to govern on earth; therefore, he has to master the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to stamp nature with the seal of his genius, subordinating matter to his mind, and bringing it as an obedient servant under the empire of reason. Having acquired this power, and in the process of establishing it, man is to develop all those blossoms which the human mind is capable of bringing forth. Is all this to be accomplished? then the first requirement is, that the individual man must enter into an organized community of his fellow-men; for, as individuals, we are weak and helpless. All we perform is the result of the co-operating efforts of many. What is it that renders man stronger than those animals most superior to him by corporeal force? It is not the strength of his body; it is reason, which teaches him the use of arms. What enables him to sever huge granite pillars from earth's massive body? That same reason which led him to construct wheel and lever. Reason tames ferocious beasts, or it wages a war of extermination against them, provided man is to exist at all. Those very earliest operations, without which the naked and naturally defenceless lord of the creation could not have been maintained in existence, require the co-operation of many. The cottage which shelters, the cloak that covers him, are the works of a thousand hands.

Reason thus enables man to understand, what his natural feeling revealed to him, that he must love men—because he knows that every other man forms a part of

himself, as well as he himself is on the other hand a part of them. For I am myself not only this individual body animated by a soul; but my own self expands itself, and embraces the world of things as far as I am able to set the stamp of my will and of my mind upon it; and in the same way I produce an influence upon my fellow-men inasmuch as I take a part in their instruction, their welfare and their development in general, just as they do in mine; and without their company I should lose the best part of myself. It has been said of marriage, that its true glory is apparent from the fact that its supreme happiness is coincident with its highest duty, viz. to live for him, and to strive with all our might and main to make him happy, who is dearest to us on earth. Now, such a happiness is reserved not only for the religious man; but it also blossoms even in a higher degree for the ethical man who has thoroughly appreciated the idea of mankind in its due sense. To what do these conclusions lead us but to that which the religious man calls Christian charity? Thus we arrive at the harmony of that highest of all virtues on our rational and logical way, quite in the same manner as the mathematician we spoke of achieved the task of composing a fugue by calculation.

But if, under guidance of our ethical conscience, we have discovered the greatest and highest of all human virtues, without which even the wisest and greatest of all men is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, it would be easy to discover in like manner all other virtues by the same process of reasoning. We will confine ourselves to giving some hints about the manner in which every single virtue is to be deduced from that notion of good and evil which we have explained. If the realization of good consists in the foundation of a kingdom of reason on earth, it is easy to see that the virtue of humility reveals itself immediately to him who is fully conscious of the immensity of such a task, and of the narrowness of the part which the individual, even the greatest and the most

highly gifted, is able to contribute to the solution of such a problem. Fortitude and perseverance are also the results of this idea, because we can never vanquish and obtain dominion if the battle against wrong and absurdity is not fought with indefatigable strength and steadiness. Are not justice and equity, also—that is, the willingness to give to every man his due—to be derived from the knowledge of this same intimate and organical cohesion of all mankind? For the conviction that we are all together limbs of one body, and of one great spiritual community, is inseparable from that other conviction that every one of those limbs is entitled to receive the reward of its labour.

These hints will be sufficient to make it clear in what manner we are able to deduce the notion of every human virtue out of our notion of good. Yet not only virtue, but happiness also and perfection, are the necessary consequences of good.

Perfect is what is congruent with its idea. The human body, wholly equal to that form which came out of the hands of God, is just so shaped and formed as the consistency and the harmony of the whole requires it. It is healthy and beautiful; it is at the same time vigorous and capable of every human occupation; it is persevering in labour and exertion; and of what other happiness and comfort is our bodily existence capable? Thus it is evident that for our body the highest perfection is at the same time the highest happiness; and both do consist in nothing else than in the harmony of the idea with its embodiment. But this is not true only because we speak of the human body, and that it would be otherwise had we contemplated some other object; but it is so, and it must be so, because happiness and perfection are one and the same—of course, only if the subject in question is capable of feeling happiness at all. And so deeply is this conviction rooted in our minds that we are wont to apply it even to inanimate nature, looking with compassion on a crippled plant or a withering flower, because it appears to us as an unhappy

being, not having attained the perfection of a healthy development. If, therefore, happiness and perfection are identical, and if we are convinced that good is that which corresponds to the notion and idea of humanity, we are also then aware that good is nothing else than the happiness and perfection of human beings.

Many of my readers will perhaps have wondered, from the beginning of these pages, that, in a research about good and evil, and especially where the performance of our duties was taken into consideration, no mention should have been made of that power within the human soul which is precisely the proper organ of good and evil, viz. our conscience. It might have appeared natural to begin the whole essay with stating that good is what our conscience demands, and evil what it forbids. But such a statement would have been erroneous. The legislation of conscience is such, that it gives its decisions upon all possible individual cases with the greatest promptness and exactitude, having regard to all extenuating or aggravating circumstances. But conscience does not enter into explanations, nor does it give its opinion about general questions of morality. It does not lay down universal maxims and principles. To the thief his conscience does not speak, 'Thou shalt honour the property of others'; but, at the same moment in which he stretches out his hand to lay hold on the moveables of his fellow-man, conscience warns and tries to detain him; and, if he does not obey, the stings of conscience will punish him sooner or later. Now, we have not to decide individual cases of conscience. We anticipated that every man was able to do so for himself. It was our task to lay down general notions and principles which conscience does not take up. If, therefore, we had undertaken to build up a system of good and evil upon the isolated dictates of conscience, that would have been a much more difficult and circuitous road to the place of our destination.

But the verdicts of conscience, deciding merely individual cases, are not

only, in a formal sense, unfit for our purpose; but these verdicts are intrinsically of such a kind as to prevent our drawing from them the highest principles of morality, or the notions of good and evil. For the nature of conscience is not what it appears on the first aspect. Those who have not made the notion of that interior voice the subject of deeper cogitation are inclined to think that conscience is a revelation of God's will in us, giving its commands independently of our own will and reason, as if it were the audible voice of Divinity within our heart's core. If that opinion were true, then our whole disquisition would prove superfluous, every man carrying within himself a revealed philosophy of ethics. But, if we look a little more accurately into the matter, the truth will appear quite different; for, if conscience gave its commands as a direct revelation of God's will, then the conscience of all men, in every land and at every time, must be in perfect harmony, and must give the same decisions, because a voice, emanating from God, can never be in contradiction with itself. But experience shows us the contrary. The consciences of different persons do not agree; but the conscience of one man does very often contradict that of another.

If the testimony of history be true, the Spanish inquisitors, burning thousands of heretics, did but follow the command of their consciences, entirely convinced that what they did was good; and the spectators of those *auto-da-fés* were not disturbed in the enjoyment of such a spectacle by any remorse. The old Mexicans, butchering prisoners by thousands, and eating them afterwards in honour of their gods, were perfectly in harmony with their conscience, being sure that they were performing a work agreeable to divinity. On the other side, a great number of men feel remorse at such actions as we perform without scruple. Many Indian tribes hold it a sacrilege to kill animals, and they build hospitals for sick and helpless beasts; when we, on our part, do not think that we commit sin by killing animals for

our food. We have no reason to doubt the purity and candour of the greatest number of those men; and, if these and similar facts be true, we must be convinced that human conscience is not something perfect and consummate, and never varying, but that the conscience of man is capable of improvement, and that there exists a history of its progress and formation, running parallel with the history of human civilisation in general. The verdicts of conscience are, therefore, well able to give evidence for those notions about good and evil which are prevalent at a certain period among a certain nation; but they cannot inform us of what is good and evil everywhere and for all times. And not time alone makes a difference between the commands of human conscience; but there exists such a difference also between the different regions of earth—so that one may speak of a geographical difference between the notions of men about good and evil.

Against our view it may be objected: If good be that manner of acting which is conducive to the foundation of an empire of reason on earth, this good cannot be the same at all times and places; for this empire of reason requires other deeds of men in antiquity, and other deeds in modern times—different doings near the north pole, and the burning sun of the equator. Now, so it is indeed; but the reader will remember what formerly was pointed out with a particular emphasis—that the actions and doings of men are neither good nor bad by themselves, but indifferent from a moral point of view, and that the good lies only in the intention and the way of thinking. So we are enabled to define the notion of good more strictly by saying: The good is the will tending to subject earth to the empire of reason. This will is one and the same at all times and places to eternity, though this will may appear acting ever so variously and contradictorily. So the good is eternal and invariable. Having understood this definition, we shall perceive a common and identical characteristic in the contradicting commands of the consciences of

different men and times. This common identic part of conscience is its voice warning us if our actions do not come from the intention of doing right. This warning is, indeed, the divine behest made known to us immediately by the organ of conscience; and in this sense the voice of conscience is indeed the same eternally. On the other hand, the knowledge of what is good was not at all times the same among mankind. This knowledge is revealed in the course of history with ever-growing clearness and splendour, partly by the trials and destinies of nations, partly by single eminent geniuses; and the greatest of all revelations of religion and morality, Christianity, has the call of finally governing the world.

The idea of good is eternal; but the knowledge and the understanding thereof has a history of its own, full of seeming aberrations and bye-ways and of wonderful entanglements, and the knowledge of Christian morality will require many centuries more before seeing its commands universally respected on earth. For do not the most extensive empires, in the old and the new world, recognise slavery and bondage up to the present day as legal institutions within their territories? But, if the way is long to the knowledge of good, how much longer must it be to the doing of it? And, if we are entitled to hope that mankind will subsist until the principal part of its task be fulfilled, and until a kingdom of reason be founded on earth, we then may be assured that our planet has to roll thousands and thousands of years more within its heavenly orbit.

Having now defined good as the intention of helping to further the rational government of earth, we need not inquire what evil is. It is sufficient to state that evil is the contrary of good, viz. such will and such intention as disturbs and hinders the settlement of the rational kingdom on earth. This evil will generally result from the ignorance of those who are not fully aware of their connexion with the totality of mankind—preferring, therefore, what they erroneously think to be their own interest

to the welfare of all others. They do not understand that what they call their comfort and happiness must be the result of the happiness of others, and that to give is more blessed than to receive. Evil is ignorance; for it cannot be thought that any man could act from an intention of hindering the dominion of reason. That would be a disposition contrary to human nature, and appropriate only to that being which we call the Devil.

We now have finally to inquire into the practical application which the ethical man makes of the discovered notion of good and evil. This notion ought to be the norm of his actions; but this is not to be understood as if a man in everything he does ought to examine precisely if such an action is conducive to the foundation of the empire of reason on earth. Such a perpetual self-examination would entangle us in a net of ethical and philosophical subtleties, and we should be unable to find our way through life at all. But we must once for all adopt the right manner of thinking and feeling in such a degree that we can do right without much ruminating and scrutinising. We must obey the commands of the laws of morality with ease. It is not difficult to understand how that may be done, because every one of us does so in many pursuits of daily life. If we write, for instance, we observe all the laws and rules of orthography without being hindered by it in the process of our writing. A man who has possessed himself perfectly of a certain science is able to do correctly all that comes within the limits of that science. He who has learned to perform on the piano can play every piece of music with correct fingering, without deliberating, at every note, whether he shall put his thumb or his forefinger on the keys. In this manner our mind has the faculty of appropriating to itself a system of rules, and can apply it with ease even in such cases as have formerly not occurred to him; and that is the reason why the ethical man will be able to wander freely, and undisturbed by

scruples, on that road which he has chosen as the best one.

We have accompanied the ethical man thus far in his researches about good and evil. We showed how his manner of proceeding was different from that of the religious man, as well as from that of him who, without much reasoning, follows merely the interior voice of his conscience. But we must not forget that in real life those three modes of viewing morality do not lie strictly separated in different individuals, but that every one of us will find in his mind a combination of all these three

elements. We very frequently act from some unintelligible instinct; more frequently still do we look up to heaven for strength and consolation on our earthly pilgrimage; and there will ultimately occur certain moments in every man's life when he finds himself standing on a cross way, and compelled to exert all his sagacity to find out the true direction of his path. But, whatever road we take, with the sincere intention of attaining to that which is good, it will lead us to our goal; for the will and the intention of going on the right way is good and right in itself.

THE AMERICAN UNION, AND THE DUTY AND POWER OF THE NORTH TO MAINTAIN IT.¹

You doubtless feel deep interest in the conflict now going on in this country. A state of things exists as little foreseen a year ago by the astutest Northern statesmen as by remote and uninterested strangers. Yet, looking backwards, it is clear that many Southern politicians have been long plotting to form a separate government. I expressed to you some years ago—in 1852, I believe—the opinion, that the conflict going on between the interests of slaveholding and the sentiment of freedom was not without danger to the integrity of the Union. I think I also expressed to you the opinion, which I have long entertained, that, had England retained slavery in its West India islands, the cotton and sugar-growing States would long ago, if pos-

sible, have cut their connexion with the other States, and united themselves to England in some intimate way. It also seemed to me that the attempts made to get possession of Cuba and Central America were with the view of maintaining the predominance of the Slave States, and holding them in readiness to break the Union if it seemed for their interest to do so. But, lacking such powerful foreign aid, and having failed in their attempts on Cuba and Central America, it had not occurred to me that the Southern leaders would be bold or rash enough to attempt to destroy the Union. Nor would they have been, had not men more than usually wicked got control of a president more than usually weak, and been able for four years to demoralize the Government, and weaken its power, while fostering treason and hatching rebellion. But rebellion is upon us. Eleven States have passed acts declaring that they are no longer parts of the government known as The United States of America. They have formed a new combination, appointed a president, raised an army, and claim to be independent. The question is, What will come of

¹ We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers this exposition of the nature, origin, and course of the great American struggle—containing, as it does, important views and reasonings which we have not seen elsewhere set forth. The writer is a lawyer of eminence in New York, in no way connected with political parties or taking part in public affairs. The communication was sent by him, as a letter, to Mr. EDWIN CHADWICK, with whom he has been accustomed to correspond; and Mr. Chadwick has thought it due to authorize its publication.—Ed.

this? To many Englishmen it seems very clear that the residue ought to acquiesce. "Why not let them go?" is a question often put, I see. It was recently sent to me by a highly intelligent Manchester solicitor, who is much interested in American affairs. To me it is clear that the attempt to sever the Union ought not to succeed, and that it will not succeed.

Our present government was not intended to be, and never was, a mere confederation of states; but it was intended to be, for certain great purposes of common defence, and the promotion of the general welfare, a union of the people of the states into *one nation*. While colonists, the Americans formed a confederacy under the title of "The United Colonies of North America," and declared that such Union should be binding on themselves and their posterity. So, before they had declared their independence, and before "the States" existed, the colonists had, for certain purposes, united, as far as they were able, as *one people*. When they came to declare their independence, the colonists in no part of their declaration named the separate colonies or states, but spoke of themselves as one people. But for their Union there would have been no states. The states were born of the Union. The states having come into existence by virtue of the Union, the problem was, how to secure the common defence and general welfare, and yet leave to the states, as far as compatible with those objects, sovereign power over their internal affairs. They were some time in solving the problem. The original articles of confederation reserved much greater powers to the states than the present constitution. They, however, declared that the *Union* of the states should be *perpetual*. The Union acted by the Continental Congress, but acted on the states instead of directly on the people. It was based on the confidence, that whatever Congress ordained to be right and fit for the states to do for the common welfare, they would promptly do. The plan worked badly. The Government

was weak and clumsy. It had neither the respect of foreign nations, nor the confidence of its own people. To remedy these evils, the present constitution was framed by a general convention, and was adopted, not by the several states acting through their usual governmental officers, but by *the people* of each state, acting through their specially appointed delegates in convention assembled. That constitution begins with this declaration of its source, its purposes, and its character:—"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America." Not a word, as you will see, about a league, a compact, or confederacy of States. It is an ordinance of the people of the whole States, acting directly on the subject, and establishing for themselves a *government*. This government, within its sphere, is supreme, and acts directly on the subject. State limits, in reference to the exercise of its powers, are no more than county limits with you. Thus we have a system of government in which the usual powers of legislation and administration exercised by one set of public functionaries, as by the Crown and Parliament of England, are distinctly separated. Whatever appertains to foreign relations, and to certain great matters of internal policy and administration, is under not merely the supreme, but the sole control of the United States. The states have no more power here than have the English counties. In certain matters of local and domestic character the States have exclusive right of legislation and administration, and the United States have no right to meddle. Thus is formed a strong central protecting and regulating government, with numerous commonwealths, independent of it, and of each other, as to their municipal and domestic affairs, moving securely within its sphere. A system well adapted to unite into one people the inhabitants of a greatly ex-

tended and diversified territory, establish their power, and secure their liberty!

The supreme, self-acting, self-vindicating, and self-perpetuating character of the United States' Government will be apparent on examination of the provisions of the organic ordinance, all of which provisions have been in actual operation for near seventy-five years. It is thereby declared that the constitution of the United States, the laws of the United States, made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under their authority, "shall be the supreme law of the land;" and the judges of every state shall be bound thereby, "*any thing in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.*" It is further provided that the members of Congress, and of "*the several state legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several states,*" shall be "bound by oath or affirmation to *support this Constitution.*"

By the Constitution a Legislature was established, consisting of a House of Representatives, elected in the several states in *proportion to their population*, and a Senate, composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the Legislatures thereof. Their acts may be vetoed by the President, but may nevertheless become laws, if, after consideration, two-thirds of both houses approve. The executive power is vested in a President, who is chosen by electors from the respective states, each state being entitled to *as many electors as it has members of Congress*. The judicial power is vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may establish.

I have said that, as respects foreign relations, we are one nation. The United States Congress has power to lay and collect duties and imposts; to provide for the common defence and general welfare; to borrow money on the credit of the United States; to regulate commerce; to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations; to declare war; to raise and support

armies; to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces. Lest it might be supposed that the states had some concurrent powers in such matters, it is further provided that no state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque or reprisal, or, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties; lay any duty of tonnage; keep troops or ships of war in time of peace; enter into any agreement or compact with a foreign power; or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay. The president is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into service of the United States. He has power, by and with the advice of the Senate, to make treaties, and appoint ambassadors and consuls.

Then, in respect to many matters of interior regulation, the Government of the United States has many of the highest prerogatives of sovereign power, and the states are powerless. Congress has power to regulate commerce among the several states, and with the Indian tribes; to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States; to coin money; regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures; to establish post-offices and post-roads; to issue patents and copyrights; to provide for calling forth the militia; to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions; and to exercise exclusive legislation over the seat of government, and over all the forts, magazines, arsenals, and dock yards owned by the United States, within the limits of the several states. The states on the other hand are expressly prohibited from coining money, emitting bills of credit, making anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debt, passing any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligations of

contracts, and from entering into any agreement with another state.

The restrictions on the powers of Congress are equally significant of the intent to make of the people of the United States one nation. Congress has no power to lay a capitation or other direct tax, except in proportion to the census; no power to lay a duty on articles exported, nor to give preference, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another; nor to oblige vessels bound to or from one state to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

Then, again, the citizens of each state are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states. A person charged with crime fleeing to another state is to be delivered up; and no person, held to labour or service in one state by the laws thereof, escaping into another, is to be discharged from such service or labour, but is to be delivered up to the party to whom such service or labour is due. And full faith and credit must be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state.

That nothing may be omitted necessary to keep all harmonious, and render all disputes amenable to judicial construction, the Supreme Court has power over all cases in law or equity arising under the constitution and laws of the United States, and treats of all cases affecting public ministers and consuls, of all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction, of controversies to which the United States is a party—controversies between two or more states, or between one state and citizens of another state, and between citizens of different states. In the exercise of these high powers it may declare a law or a clause in the constitution of a state void, may annul the judgment of the highest court of a state, may enter a judgment or decree against the state itself; and, as the President is bound to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, he must execute its judgments.

Not unmindful of the possible neces-

sity or desirability of change, a way is appointed in the constitution for its own alteration. By the consent of two-thirds of the members of both Houses of Congress, amendments thereto may be proposed, and by the consent of three-fourths of the states they may be ratified. On receiving such sanctions the organic change is established, and all the people of the United States become bound thereby.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the People. These powers are many and important. I may instance their right to decide their government-organization, provided it be republican; the qualifications of electors; the tenure of office; their judicial system; their civil and criminal law; their banking system; whether slavery shall exist, be prohibited, or abolished; and a great many other matters—indeed, nearly all that concerns the every-day transactions of life.

The immense gains of each state by the consolidation of all are obvious. Each is defended by all, is part of a mighty nation, and has the advantage of the great power and *prestige* of all. Uniformity in the standard of value, and a uniform system of postage, are secured. The revenue laws are equal. There are no conflicting tariffs, and no frontier lines to be guarded against smuggling. Internal or inter-state war is precluded. The disputes of states are subjected to judicial cognizance. Beyond all, I had almost said, absolute freedom of trade and intercourse are secured among all the people of these numerous and widespread commonwealths. These are advantages to which, in my opinion, more than to all other things, they owe their great and rapid material prosperity.

No proposition can, it seems to me, be clearer than that the conduct of the Secessionists is without warrant of law. The absence of the right of a state to secede is indeed so obvious, that its assertion by the Southern leaders can hardly be viewed as anything but one

of the desperate means employed to mislead the uninformed.

There is, as I have shown, no colour of right to secede in even any of the thirteen original states. Their assertion of such right is not, however, so startling as in the case of the states since admitted. Its assertion by them is audacious in its effrontery. They have, with the exception of Texas, been formed out of territory every inch of which was owned, and most of which was bought, by the United States; and Texas itself can hardly be deemed an exception. Speaking generally, the mode of forming a state is this—A portion of the territory of the United States is separated from the rest by metes and bounds, is named, and formed into what we call a territory. The United States appoints a governor to this territory, and enacts its laws, or allows the inhabitants of the territory to do so, subject to the supervision of Congress. This condition of things continues, the United States bearing the expenses of the government, protecting the inhabitants from Indian depredations, buying out Indian rights, and in every way promoting its welfare, until it is thought sufficiently populous for self-government, when the United States Congress passes an act, authorizing the people of the territory to meet in convention and frame a constitution for organizing themselves into a state. The people meet by their delegates, form such constitution, and afterwards present it to Congress; and, if approved, the state is admitted on such conditions as Congress chooses to impose. One of these conditions always is, that the lands within the territory, undisposed of, continue to belong to the United States, and that the state will not interfere with the first disposition of them, and will impose thereon no tax, impost, or duty. The new states are, therefore, mere creations of the United States; and, though they are admitted on the footing of the original states, it is by grant from the United States. They never had any power not conferred by Congress; and, therefore, the cant phrase of the seces-

sionists, that they are *resuming* the powers which they *had delegated* to the general Government, has not even a plausible basis of pretence. They never had any rights as states, except as limited and restricted by the paramount rights of the United States under the constitution. Of the eleven seceding states, *six* were thus formed out of the territory of the nation; and, as to them, the legal effect of annulling the ordinances constituting them states would be, not to make them independent, but to restore them to the condition of territories of the United States, to be governed by Congress.

The right of secession, if it exists, does so from the moment the state is admitted into the Union. So, one day, a territory containing seventy thousand men, women and children, a hundred and fifty thousand square miles of land, and numerous United States' forts, may be admitted as a state; and, the next, these people may secede, declare themselves separated from the United States, and independent thereof, and carry with them all the land, forts, post routes, and other property of the United States, dismember its territory, block the passage between loyal states, render necessary frontier custom-houses and defences, and destroy the unity and harmony of the system of government. Florida, one of the seceding states, affords a striking illustration of the brigand character of the secession movement. It was owned by Spain—lay on our south-eastern frontier—a peninsula, washed on the east by the Atlantic, and on the south and west by the Gulf of Mexico, to which it formed, with its islands, the most important key. As it was strongly desired by the United States, they fought, and treated, and finally obtained its cession, on payment to Spain of two millions of dollars. The coast-line is at least 700 miles. The United States have built on its coast forts and lighthouses at great expense. It was in part occupied by numerous and powerful Indian tribes, which were fiercely and persistently hostile to the United States. In various ways Florida has doubtless cost a hundred and fifty

millions of dollars over any income derived from it. Draw a circle of five miles around Union Square in New York, and you inclose more than ten times as many white people as there are in the whole of Florida; and yet the inhabitants of Florida, who have no rights as a state except such as were conferred in the manner I have described, pass an ordinance of secession, and assume to take possession of all the land, forts, lighthouses, and property of the United States, and to declaim against the retention of any such property as a usurpation by the United States, to be overcome if necessary by force! The southern politicians and their subservient northern allies were bent some years ago on buying or stealing Cuba. They had control of the government, and would have given to Spain as much as three hundred millions of dollars for Cuba, if Spain would have sold it. Suppose the purchase made, Cuba paid for, and admitted as a state; she could, the next day, if this right of secession exist, have voted herself out of the Union, and set up for herself as an independent nation. I need not say that the admission of such a right by the United States would be to admit that it is a mere sham of a government—a mere show and shadow of a nation, dealing with the world under false pretences; making treaties which there may be no people to keep; and borrowing money which there may be none to make payment of. For, if one state may secede, all may do so severally.

The question, then, "Why not let the seceding states go?" may, it seems to me, be very conclusively answered. This government, in suppressing the revolt, is not only reclaiming its stolen property, suppressing insurrection, putting down rebellion, and punishing treason, but is asserting *its right and power to be*.

I concede that a regularly constituted government may be so oppressively administered as to justify revolt; but it is not necessary to discuss the action of the seceding states in that aspect, as

no pretence worthy a moment's consideration has been urged as a justification of revolution. The utmost effort of the more reputable of the secessionists has been to make a plausible excuse for exercising the assumed right of secession. The fact is, the slaveholding states have had control of the United States' Government for nearly the whole period of its existence. The making of the laws, the negotiation of treaties, the placing and conduct of officials, have been chiefly controlled by them. To a great extent the laws have been judicially expounded under a bias towards pro-slavery opinions and interests. Slaveholders, or their nominees, have almost exclusively held the office of president. They have had a greatly preponderating influence in the government, and have shaped its action for the most part as they pleased. They have been overruled only when bent on committing some unusual outrage on the rights or conscience of northern men. Indeed, their great outcry, in firing the southern mind, was not in respect to any act done, but as to apprehensions of wrong from the successful president—though he was in every way pledged to guard the rights of the South, and he has never attempted, threatened, or, so far as can be judged, intended or desired to violate any of those rights.

Aside from the bad ambition of the leading southern politicians, the real cause of revolt is the manifest weakening of the power of the slaveholders to subordinate the legislation and administration of the country to the promotion of slavery, and the growing power and coming preponderance of the free North, and its supposed purpose to use that power, so far as it constitutionally may, to restrict slavery within its present enormous territorial limits, and save from its blighting influences the territories now free.

During the revolution, and while the government was forming, there was a common belief throughout the land, north and south, that slavery is wrong. The intellect of the nation was aroused and enlightened, and its conscience touched.

All agreed that slavery ought in some way to be brought to an end. With the invention of the cotton-gin came the means of turning slave labour to greatly increased profit; the love of gain and of power stifled the sentiments of justice; and the purpose was formed to maintain slavery at all hazards. But it could not be maintained by excuses. It was especially hard to admit slaveholding to be wrong, yet insist on its extension; so a new doctrine was started, of which Mr. Calhoun was the great advocate—that it was the right and duty of the white man, that it was just and kind to the black man, to hold the negro in bondage. This gave to the slaveholder a weapon in place of a shield, and he was able consistently to become aggressive. *The dogma of the righteousness of slavery lies at the basis of the late revolt.* Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States, said, in a speech at the seat of the new government, intended to be an exposition of the superiority of the Constitution of the Confederate States, "The prevailing ideas entertained by Mr. Jefferson and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the law of nature—that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. . . . Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested on the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation for a government to be built upon; and, when the 'storm came and the wind blew, it fell.' Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man—that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."

For at least thirty-five years the proud, plucky, but pestilent state of South

Carolina has been educating the Southern mind in this doctrine, and preparing it to adopt any means necessary to make it the ruling principle of the Government. If the Free States could be coaxed or bullied into its support, the Union might stand; if not, it was to be broken. In or out of the Union, the slaveholding dogma of the righteousness of slavery, and the duty of Government to uphold and promote it, must rule.

Leaving out its moral aspects, there is something very fascinating, doubtless, in what may have been the aim of the more ambitious and imaginative of some of the Southern leaders—a vast confederacy of slaveholding states; a grand commonwealth of English-descended lords of the soil, firmly established on the islands and archipelagoes of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea—owning, too, all the continent which sweeps the surrounding shores, and extending along the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as far as cotton, sugar, coffee, and other tropical products could be grown—with a vast slave population, to be increased as occasion might require, from Africa, working for their lords, absolutely and for ever subject to their will;—the master race the brain and guide, the abject race the muscle, of this new Arcadia!

The doctrine of nullification, insisted on in President Jackson's time, as a state right, contained in it the seeds of the modern doctrine of secession. The right to declare any law of the United States inoperative within the state involves the right of declaring all its laws inoperative. During Jackson's Presidency, South Carolina put itself in hostility to the United States, claiming to nullify within its borders an act of Congress; but Jackson was not a man to be trifled with, and he quickly suppressed the attempt to prevent the execution of the laws. In the usual hyperbolic style of Western vehemence, he threatened that, if it proceeded, he would hang the leader Calhoun higher than Haman. All knew that he was a man who would so far execute his threat as to hang him high enough to render it necessary to bury

him ; and so nullification, with a little bluster, shrank out of sight. But it was ever afterwards hatching, and has now brought forth its fearful progeny. Unfortunately, secession came forth during the presidency of Mr. Buchanan—a man destitute of moral courage, and of feeble moral principles. It grew into vast proportions under his eyes, and became of a sudden a great power in the land. A conspiracy was, as is now evident, formed—including governors of states, senators, representatives, army and navy officers, Cabinet ministers, and many of their chief clerks, a great proportion of whom were under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, were receiving its pay, and bound by every consideration of honour and honesty to be loyal—the object of which was to destroy the Government they had sworn to support. Floyd, the secretary of war, so weakened the garrisons, and so distributed the forces, that the forts, forces, arms, ammunition, and other property of the United States, should be capable of easy seizure. From senators, representatives, and officials, still forming component parts of the United States' Government, the orders to make such seizures went forth from the city of Washington. The orders were executed, and the nation for a time paralyzed. It is now clear that the split in the democratic party, and the consequent election of Lincoln, was part of the plan. They were ready for the revolt, except that they lacked the excuse ; and for that Lincoln's election was necessary. They aided to the utmost of their power to secure that election by distributing the residue of the votes among three candidates.

Want of indignation at such conduct would show want of virtue. The desire to disappoint and punish such treachery and disloyalty is the first impulse of every honest and honourable man. The very force and activity of this impulse is, it must be admitted, apt to mislead the judgment, and draw the attention from what is, after all, the true question. Is it not best to let the slaveholding states go ? However often I put the

question to myself—and its recurrence doubtless implies some want of reliance on my conclusions—I come to the answer that it is not. In attempting to vindicate their rights, and thwart traitors, the North is in the line of duty. In case of doubt, *that* should turn the scale ; but some things are clear enough, which would render such acquiescence unwise. The advantages intended to be secured by the formation and extension of the United States' Government would be in a great measure lost. The unity of its territory would be destroyed. It would not own a foot of territory on the Gulf of Mexico. The mouths of the great Mississippi, the inlet and outlet to a large number of free states and territories, would be held by a foreign nation. The capital would be within gunshot of the Confederate States. There would be a vexed and irritable frontier of more than a thousand miles. The establishment of a strong military government would be a necessity to a slaveholding confederacy, and accord with its temper. Such confederacy would be aggressive. It would seek to possess the islands of the gulf, and all the continent adjacent to it. It would at first covertly, and, as soon as strong enough, openly, promote the slave trade. This state of things would render powerful military and naval establishments necessary to the North. We should have frequent quarrels, and probably not unfrequent wars with our southern neighbours ; but we should, at any rate, be kept continually on guard at enormous expense. It is, it seems to me, no less wise than just to put down this revolt.

But can we do it ? It is doubtless an arduous undertaking ; but I think we can do it with no greater cost of life and limb than that by which Lombardy was added to Sardinia. We have the long-established Government, with its organization, its *prestige*, and its relations with foreign powers. We hold almost all the naval power and resources of the country, and command of the entire coast. We are much more numerous than the Southerners, have vastly more accumulated wealth,

and productive power, as to all the results of mechanical skill, including munitions of war, many times greater. Northern men are as brave as Southern men, and more industrious, skilful, and persevering. The moral forces are on the side of the North. War, it is true, is a hazardous venture ; so much often depends on the skill and genius of a single man. Then, again, the secessionists are fighting for enormous stakes—their lives, their property, their reputation, their hopes of the future. If they succeed, they become the rulers of the new Confederation, the founders of a new empire. Their names become historically great in the records of the new commonwealth. If they fail, they become powerless and infamous. They are likely to fight desperately. Still I think that the United States' Government will subdue them. It is greatly the superior power.

Further—and this enters largely into the question of both the desirableness and practicability of putting down the revolt—there are in the Southern states a great many persons opposed to it, and who would be glad to see it put down. The conspiracy was wide-spread and was long maturing. The conspirators organized and got control of the State organizations, and of the forces which operate most potently on public opinion and popular impulse. Yet the majority of the seceding states were carried out of the Union against strong opposition, and, for the most part, without giving the people the opportunity of directly approving or disapproving. A few men aiming at one object, banded together, well organized and well armed, and prepared to concentrate and act at any given point on the order of a central will, can subdue and awe large unorganized masses, and produce seeming acquiescence, or even seeming unanimity, where great secret dissatisfaction exists. It is clear that the favourers of secession are very numerous ; but I doubt if they are even now a majority of all the white inhabitants of the slaveholding states. Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky side with the North,

though the state-organizations of the last two states were in the hands of traitors, who did all they could to carry those states over to the Southern Confederacy. In the face of great danger, and a system of terrorism, Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee remain loyal. There is, in fact, a tract of hill and mountain, lying medially between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and stretching through the Southern states, from the Ohio southwards into Northern Georgia and Northern Alabama, inhabited by a hardy, independent race of men, the great bulk of whom are loyal, and will welcome the Government troops as deliverers. This highland tract, when fully occupied, will be like a wedge, splitting the confederates in two. In this connexion it is not to be overlooked that, while at the North the capitalists freely lend to the Government all the money it asks, at the South there is evident reluctance to lend the Confederate Government anything ; and that, while the men of the free states rush to enrol themselves for the war in numbers beyond the wants of the Government, there is clear evidence that much coercion is used to man the southern army. Let the United States' Government disperse the rebel army, arrest the original conspirators, and retake its forts, and the masses will, in my opinion, for the most part gladly declare their allegiance to this Government, which will be immensely strengthened by the dangers it will have overcome.

I have not yet touched upon one subject which has held a conspicuous place in the controversy—that is, the treatment of fugitive slaves. The framers of the constitution intended it to be a charter of freedom. They looked forward to the time when slavery would not exist. But it did in fact exist at that time in many states. If there should be no provision respecting it, a slave escaping from any state would, pursuant to the case of *Somersett*, by that act become free. This would have led the slave states to encircle their borders by cordons of armed men. To prevent

this extremely dangerous necessity, and yet impose on citizens of the free states no duty to promote or uphold slavery, was the problem to be solved. They attempted the solution by ordaining that "No person, held to service or labour in "one state, under the laws thereof, "escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation "therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up, on claim of the party to whom "such service or labour may be due." It will be seen that the provision relates only to persons *escaping*. All other cases are left to be dealt with as at common law.

The right thus secured by the constitution slaveholders are clearly entitled to the benefit of; but they are bound to consider that, when so precious a natural right as that of freedom is withheld from a man, he will try to escape from his bonds, and that the instinctive prayer of all whose emotions are not stifled by personal or class interests must be, "God speed the fugitive!" Southern men cannot always so far keep down human sympathy as to wish success to the pursuer, and it would be monstrous in them to expect the manifestations of such sympathy to be utterly suppressed at the North; yet they have magnified such manifestations into proof that the North was regardless of the constitutional rights of Southern men.

Now, first, as to the facts in respect to escaping slaves. Certainly not one slave yearly in three thousand—I think not more than one in five thousand—escapes from slavery. Of these a very large number never reach the North. Some flee to the swamps, some to the hills and forests; some are forced or coaxed away by slave-thieves. The number that escape to the North from the states which started the rebellion is so small as to render complaint mere cavil. Take, for example, South Carolina, the hatching-place of this rebellion. In order to get from it to a free state by land, the fugitive would have to make his way through two, at least, of the other slave states. In order to escape

by water, he would have to make his way to a port, get on board a vessel stealthily, stow himself away in some hidden place, run imminent risk of detection after finding a hiding-place, with the certainty of being given up and punished if discovered.

Then, again, the United States' Congress has enacted very stringent measures for the restoration of fugitive slaves to their owners. There is no law on the statute-book more ingeniously elaborated in its provisions for insuring the accomplishment of its purpose, and not one which has been more stringently and uniformly enforced. Much has been said of the so-called liberty laws of several of the free states; but these laws were simply intended to prevent state officials and state houses of detention from being made subservient to slave-catching, and to insure free men from capture under the false pretence that they were slaves. At any rate, these laws have not prevented the rendition of a single fugitive slave.

In bringing this subject to a close, let me add, that to me one of the most impressive phases of this matter is the retributive nature of the troubles and sufferings we are undergoing. The institution of slavery has fostered and established in Southern men a proud, imperious, disdainful, and arrogant temper. It has led them to scorn labour, to be bitter of speech, apt at insults, ready with the murderous blow. It has led them to greatly overrate their own importance, courage, and prowess, and to underrate the bravery, skill, determination, and resources of the men of the North. On the other hand, the Northern men have yielded in an unmanly way to the unjust assumptions of Southern men—have been led, by undue regard for peace, pelf, or place, to shut their eyes to the humiliations to which the South was continually subjecting them. All are now paying the accumulated penalties of their misconduct.

Such are the views I entertain of this rebellion, its origin, merits, probable course, and end. Seeing how influential

you and your friends may be in moulding England's opinion, and influencing England's action, I desire that you should be well informed on the subject, and that it may be clear to you and them, that on the side of the Government of the United States all who love justice and liberty, and hate fraud, treachery, and rapine, ought to array themselves, and that England's neutrality of action should be accompanied with a clear manifestation that her sympathies and good wishes are with us in this time of our great tribulation. You may rest assured that the Government will now persevere to the end, and that the end will be the suppression of the rebellion. The result will be the same

whether England bid us good cheer or not; but, if she gives us cheering words, and especially if she be to our faults and shortcomings a little kind and tender, it will be very pleasant to us and will not be forgotten by us when the hour of trial comes to her as it comes to all. All the effects of the success of the Government I shall not attempt to foretell; but I think it may be safely said, that slavery would never be allowed to extend beyond its present boundaries—that the government would be administered in the love of freedom—that the slave trade would be suppressed—and that all attempts to despoil other states of their territory would be discountenanced and promptly put down.

NATURAL SCIENCE IN SCHOOLS AND IN GENERAL EDUCATION.

BY J. M. W.

So much attention has been paid of late years to the improvement of middle-class education, that it seems to be tacitly assumed that the upper education of the country requires but little to perfect it. In fact, however, there have been introduced considerable changes in the last thirty years, and signs are not wanting to show that the permanent state is far from being arrived at. The study of natural science in schools, taken in connexion with certain features of middle-class education on the one hand, and the encouragement and progress of science at Oxford on the other, seems worthy of attention at the present time, in order that it may be distinctly understood what are the objects of the study, and the hopes of those who are engaged in teaching it, and the grounds on which they defend the introduction into schools of one more branch of study.

Now, it would be very easy to compose a panegyric on the study of natural science; but the real point at issue is not whether natural science is worth studying, but worth studying at school; not whether its results are valuable, but whether the study is valuable as a mental

gymnastic, as a part not of professional, but of liberal education. Further, the point at issue concerns not its absolute, but its relative, value—whether or not natural science should be taught in the place of something else. There is but a limited number of hours in the day, and in schoolboys there is an insuperable passive resistance to more work than a certain assignable amount.

If the object of all education be to strengthen the mind, to fit it for sound reasoning and wise action, and to make the analysis of thought possible, the study of language will necessarily take precedence of all other, for it is the foundation of all logic; and, when taught scientifically, and by men of refined education, it will include the elements of the first part of logic, grammar, history, philosophy, and criticism. Not one word in the following pages will be spoken against the study of classics.

The elements of the next part of logic are taught in mathematics. Exercises in the simple syllogism, in the contemplation of necessary truths, and perfect inferences, are combined with the necessity of attention to the steps of a demon-

stration ; soon, also, judgment and skill, and habits of abstraction, of expressing statements of facts in symbolical language, are called into play; and, finally, the great increase of power given by symbolical reasoning, and all the generality of the fact of its possibility, dawn on the mind. The main value, however, of mathematics at school is the perpetual exercise in attention and accuracy. Not one word in the following pages will be spoken against the study of mathematics.

The first two parts of logic are *words* and *simple reasoning*; and the training in classics and mathematics have these for their main object. I say the main object, because classics, when well taught by men of logical habits of mind, perpetually furnish processes of the third part of logic, *induction*. But these processes are not easily recognised as such by boys, and very rarely pointed out by masters, and from other reasons are not so valuable as would at first sight appear, as examples of inductive reasoning. What I shall endeavour to establish in behalf of natural science is, that it takes this place which is practically unoccupied, and that, in so doing, it gives more than anything else the power of forming correct judgments, and brings with it certain other very practical advantages.

Firstly, then, the study of natural science furnishes boys with *easy examples of reasoning* of all kinds. Granted that the two studies previously mentioned have given some notion of the value, resources, application, and delicacy of language, and of the power of the simple syllogism, the possibility and range of consecutive argument, some field for the application of these results is wanted—some subject on which the improved faculties may exercise themselves in the same manner as they must in the problems of real life; in which, too, inaccuracy can be immediately exposed by an appeal to experiment. How much more certain and convincing, and therefore more easily wielded, would be the laws of induction when instances of the laws of experimental inquiry, and generalization from experience, whether true or false, rise spontaneously in the memory to illus-

trate the weight of the evidence of any general assertion. Many a man has felt, when the logic of induction seemed most uncertain, that a happy instance from some science has been able to clear his horizon again. Here are examples, necessarily occurring at every step, of processes in reasoning, of induction and deduction, of varying experiments, of searching after unambiguous results, of eliminating extraneous phenomena, of interrogating nature; processes of all degrees of complexity, leading one to another; processes practically felt at the time as examples of reasoning. I do not mean that boys, who are watching a set of experiments on radiation of heat, are conscious that they are interrogating nature; but that the proof of the simple laws of radiation does become logically conclusive to their minds by steps which they are with more or less of clearness able to describe and arrange. I am speaking of the average of boys. Some do this with considerable readiness; with others, wandering, wool-gathering thoughts, and imperfect powers of concentration, prevent any impression being made at all. The experiments will then appear as "all sorts of curious dodges about heat." But the number of such auditors ought not to be many; when there are, I will willingly admit that it is the teacher's fault. He has overestimated the powers of his class.

Secondly, as I am writing a very practical account of this matter, I shall not omit to mention that nothing furnishes a better scope for *accurate description*. The object of essay-writing at school is, perhaps, ultimately to make boys think; before they can think, they must have a ready use of the instrument of expression. That difficulty is immediate and overpowering; and the vague sense of want of something to say is the more difficult to overcome, because, when ideas do suggest themselves, the mode of expressing them does not simultaneously suggest itself too. Hence the two difficulties should be at first entirely separated, as they are in translation from classics; and then that style of composition which involves the greater

difficulty in the least possible degree should be studied. Boys have so little notion how to describe anything, that essay-writing must be taught; and very difficult it is to teach. Essays by boys on commonplaces are generally very commonplace indeed, and very difficult for them. Descriptions of every-day things are tenfold more difficult, because they are every-day, and boys see nothing in them to describe; and weekly essays on historical subjects are, with few exceptions, meagre compilations, in which the thought cannot be, and the language rarely is, original. But to describe an experiment—a phenomenon certainly striking, and which, therefore, appears the more clearly to admit of a description, after the first notion of what a description is is attained—is at once easier, and admits of all degrees of excellence, and certainly can be (for it is) well done by boys who will not write on truth, the holidays, or Cincinnatus. But, besides being a description, and admitting of all degrees of picturesqueness and felicity in language and arrangement, such an account calls for attention at the time, and an orderly memory afterwards; and, what is more important, it must be *accurate*. Any vagueness in description is instantly perceived and felt. In fact, nothing will furnish such varied and such fit subjects for description, and therefore nothing will afford a better training for boys in the ready and accurate use of language, than the note-book in a class of experimental philosophy.

Thirdly, the perpetual reference to the grounds of belief, the contemplation of the individual phenomena on which the beliefs immediately depend, gives a caution in examining evidence, a suspicion of hasty generalization, and a constant recurrence to facts in all kinds of practical investigation. It teaches a most important lesson: that "facts are awkward things to drive—one man to many of 'em, werry." *It necessitates suspension of judgment, and being content with uniformities of a low order.* No other branch of education furnishes a parallel to this; yet it is a habit of mind which is at once valuable and rare.

The disposition to rapid generalization from imperfect data is, perhaps, the surest mark of an uneducated man; yet nothing whatever is done to counteract it. Mathematics here are, I believe, positively prejudicial, if taken alone. It is no less a man than Pascal who says that it is rarely that mathematicians are observant; and the impatience of mathematicians, when brought into contact with multitudes of disorderly facts, is almost proverbial, and fully accounts for the little confidence generally placed in their judgment. It is not necessary, however, to praise science at the expense of mathematics, or to extol Penelope by depreciating her maids. They cannot be separated without an injury to both. A subject, however, which, like chemistry, checks this disposition by ever-recurring disappointing exceptions, furnishes precisely that kind of exercise in submitting to the supremacy of facts as greater than theories, and yet viewing all collections of facts, whether in natural or social science, as the basis of uniformities and theories successively to be established, which is vastly wanted at the present time. Of what great value would be a wide-spread conviction that the facts and statistics of every-day life are some day to be grouped into a social science!

But, again, the perpetual observation of facts visible to the eye, the continual exercise in classifying and arranging those facts according to observed and inferred uniformities, and reasoning on them, is the most valuable part of a scientific education, because it furnishes at the same time the simplest and the most comprehensive examples of *method*. Nor can this be taught by anything else. The analysis of books is valuable, but not a tenth part so valuable as the analysis of observations. Natural history is an admirable study for encouraging the art of seeing; but it furnishes only observation without experiment, and classification without induction. We want some subject of which the results are not familiar to everybody. No one for instance could now rediscover the principal facts in astronomy. We accept them as self-

evident. We cannot place ourselves in Kepler's point of view, and grope our way to the orbit of Mars from observation. Newton has placed the whole civilized world in a point of view from which there is no descending. To by-gones in science, as in everything else, there is no return. In this point it will be seen that science furnishes an admirable corrective and complement to mathematics.

Again, it serves to provide models of the most valuable kinds of *reasoning on a more extended scale*. The process by which those uniformities which are called laws of nature are established, is at the same time one of the most valuable exercises in reasoning, and one of the most admirable examples of the art of observation. The divesting an experiment of its particular, and, so to speak, accidental circumstances, and, from a comparison between different experiments, arriving at a uniformity which shall include them all, can be made an excellent gymnastic of what may be called, perhaps, the intuitive imagination. The process is in itself identical with that which a skilful classical teacher performs, whether in pointing out the significance of a peculiar form of expression, or order of words, or in analysing sentences into their normal forms. But it is very difficult to get boys so to think about $\delta\pi\omega\varsigma$ and the optative, that they shall arrive by reflection at the laws of such matters (which I think I once for a few hours at school understood to depend on such an abstraction as "the whereabouts of the subjectivity"). Nothing is more difficult than to teach anything philosophically. Most classical teachers, happily not all, address themselves to correcting blunders, fending up gaps, and strengthening weak points. This will not do in science: the difficulty must be faced here, and it is well that the difficulty should be faced somewhere. To accept rules for $\delta\pi\omega\varsigma$ and $\delta\pi\omega\varsigma \delta\omega$ —to accept theories in science as true at the word of the master—is as easy as it is worthless to the boy: and it is this unquestioning, unhesitating belief, and

transference to the note-book of generalizations in which the successive steps are wholly misunderstood, that it is so difficult to prevent. To a mathematician the difficulty is tenfold increased. Accustomed to the rapidity and certainty of mathematical inference, armed with the power of abstracting from the point at issue all extraneous circumstances, it is vastly difficult for him to allow for the well-founded incredulity of boys as to the soundness of a proof which appears to him to be perfectly conclusive. I am sure that the truth of this will be felt by any one who has watched a class of boys before the table of an experimenter. While he sees steam delivering up its latent heat, and is explaining how this is made sensible, can be produced, and measured, and is intent on measuring it, they see a lamp burning, water boiling, an oddly bent glass tube, with something bubbling at one end into water, and the thermometer rising, and, I dare say, twenty things besides. The extreme unwillingness of boys to think at all is greatly increased when the process of thought requires several steps before the conclusion is reached, and can only be overcome by breaking up the investigations at first into their simplest elements, and leading them on to put the parts together again. The very difficulty of the operation, when one considers that all matters that need judgment and reflection require it, is some argument for its value.

But it is very possible for explanations to be pressed too far; for an explanation is nothing more than the resolution of a complex phenomenon into simpler uniformities previously known; and, until a sufficient number of instances has been given, or phenomena exhibited, which admit of being included in certain uniformities, all such explanations are merely *obscurum per obscurius*. The necessity of a generalization from two or three instances, which the experimenter himself views as typical of a whole class of instances, is not felt by boys, who note the differences more readily than the points of agreement between the circumstances of

a set of experiments. The fact is that, though the steady contemplation of chemical phenomena, or experiments in other branches of natural science, will furnish a man who is used to reflection and reasoning with the clearest evidence of the scientific explanations—i.e. the uniformities involved in these experiments—yet the conclusion is one of a high order of reasoning, and a process is gone through which cannot, without careful training, be performed by any two persons, men or boys, alike.

Nearly every word of this is as applicable to classical as to scientific training. Only, in teaching classics, the method is far more complicated, and is too often sacrificed in impatience to produce immediate results.

But nothing can be more valuable than the gradual dawn of the *certainty of inductive proof*; and this can be attained in no way that I know of, except by the study of the physical sciences. A few well-selected examples, such as the theories of combustion, dew, equivalent weights, the barometer, &c., well worked out, and categorically arranged, will do more to introduce logical order and logical conceptions into the mind of a boy than all his previous training, provided that he has before him, or knows by experience, the facts on which they are founded.

When the conviction of one or two comprehensive generalizations is attained, it is as if a new faculty were created in the mind: whole tribes of phenomena cease to present themselves as tangled masses of varied circumstances, but as examples of certain uniformities variously modified by acting in concert. The process is more and more rapid as the new faculty grows stronger and clearer-sighted, and the simpler uniformities combine into more general ones—the laws of nature as at present arrived at. Last process of all, these laws themselves are seen to require generalizations of a still higher order, to be made by philosophers still unborn!

The value of these convictions, thus soundly, and as it were experimentally, established, is felt immediately in all

departments of thought. The necessity of principles leads the student to look on classics as the systematic study of our instrument of language and thought, and to examine the laws of language with an exactness of aim before unknown. Algebra, pure mathematics, will, ere long, though by no means at once, be seen to be the study of symbolical language, according to necessary rules of operation, but with interpretations varied according to the "science of suggestion" on which it may happen to be founded—whether arithmetic or geometry, or mechanics, or any other science in the world. The philosophic study of history is rendered more intelligible. The maze of facts comprehended in such sciences as natural history, meteorology, physiology, &c., is contemplated in an entirely different light. The conviction that, where causation is manifest, there it is absolutely certain that laws of causation exist, extends to all collections of connected phenomena. The tangled web of social science offers facts from which it is perfectly certain that the laws of social statics and dynamics can be ultimately arrived at. Political theories, and political economy, will be seen from the same point of view. The moral sciences and metaphysics, the mysterious relations of mind and matter, stand as the goal to which, as knowledge grows, and as scientific methods become more complete, the range of induction may some day reach. This may be summed up by saying that the study of physical science gives philosophical method and modes of thought.

Finally, he will regard all these inductions as the humble attempts of a creature infinitely small, yet endowed with godlike reason, to comprehend and follow the laws of action of the Creator. The establishment, and, still more, the probability of the establishment of general laws, is often painful to wise and excellent men. Those who are excellent without being wise kick at all attempts to establish such laws, and look on scientific men as dangerous. And dangerous, in current phraseology, they will be held, till the knowledge of natural

science is more widely extended than it is at present. Religion has always feared science since the days of Leonardo da Vinci and Galileo; but the sublime conceptions of geology will furnish, no less surely than those of astronomy have furnished, some of the noblest illustrations, in the hands of the Christian man of science. Religion has nothing to fear, but everything to gain, from an extension of physical science; and, even if Darwin's theories, in the utmost generality which his opponents have dreamt of, be some day established, not one jot or one tittle of real religion will pass away. The alarm is natural; but, to judge aright, read the history of science, and see whether the highest laws yet discovered by Newton or Dalton, Franklin or Faraday, Cuvier or Lyell, are incompatible with the most simple and childlike, as well as the most manly and rational, belief. Comte's positive philosophy is right, so far as it is positive: when it becomes negative, it is wrong.

It would be very easy to say more in behalf of the study, on grounds which will occur to every one, or at least to every reader of Herschel's Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy. But I have not attempted to mention even the main heads of the arguments such an essay would contain. What I have endeavoured to do has been to show its place in the general scheme of higher education, its position relative to the other branches of it, and to the subsequent growth of the speculative faculty. These three studies—classics, mathematics, and science—form the basis of a scheme of intellectual education at least theoretically complete, and on which there seems some prospect that the higher education will one day be modelled.

It may, however, put the relative position of these essential branches of a complete education in a new and suggestive light, to examine how they arrange themselves under another division of the subject. It seems to throw some light on various questions that have been recently agitated, both with reference to

schools and universities, and to non-gremial and Government examinations, to divide educational influences into the two heads of statical and dynamical—those, namely, which bear on the formation of a well-balanced quiescent character; and those which invigorate, stimulate, and supply the principles of influence and authority. This division will extend to moral as well as to other influences. Dr. Arnold was dynamical, Dr. Vaughan statical; Oxford is dynamical, Cambridge statical. This is not the same thing as saying that the one is a lover of the new, the other of the old; nor is it the same thing as can be expressed in any other way, for it is an expression of a fundamental difference in the results in terms of the mode of operation of the causes. Among subjects taught, classics, as usually taught, and mathematics necessarily, are statical; history, political economy, divinity, are clearly dynamical, as giving (if they give anything) principles which must find their vent and scope in action; science is intermediate, its results being mainly statical, whereas its methods are highly dynamical—both by impelling to research and knowledge and action, and by furnishing the most potent instruments for all three.

We must now pass on to a point of infinitely more difficulty, and which cannot be shirked. A question is here touched on which demands fuller explanation, or should have been passed over in silence. It is the relation of natural science to the questions now agitating the world. Is there any significance in the fact of its unparalleled extension in the last thirty years? Is there any relation between the establishment of a school of Natural Science at Oxford, and any other characteristics of that university? What mean the countless textbooks on science? Is it anything more than the mere thirst for knowledge?

The answer to such questions is inevitable. It would require an essay in itself to develop the very close connexion between the spread, not so much of the knowledge of physical facts, but of the spirit of scientific method, and the

change in the point of view from which theological questions are now handled. Theological dogmatism has become impossible. There can be no comparison whatever between the state of mind of those who are called men of education now and three hundred years ago. The fundamental conception of law is so deeply impressed on our generation, that it has become the pervading idea of our politics, our science, and our religion; of our relations to man, to nature, and to God. The central spring from which this has sprung—or, if we must look deeper for that, at least the earliest, widest, surest, and most sublime manifestation of it—has been physical science. Let no man hope to have influence in turning or guiding the current of thought who does not recognise this fact. Be it right or wrong, painful or not painful, let us look at the stream of thought for one moment, and ask whither we are drifting. Is there a widening gulf between men of science and men of religion? between the highest thinking and the highest feeling? Whatever we are forced to admit on contemplating the frightful doubts, the hideous uncertainty which vexes so many of our best and ablest men, one thing is certain. The development of the idea of law has been gradual, progressive, all-absorbing; the subjects it has once touched it has never relinquished; it advances, but never recedes. Where will it stop? The agonized mind views its unrelenting inhuman advance, and begins to count the moments ere itself is crushed beneath it. Some deny the facts, others hail the consequences; but more men cast glances of doubt on one another, and hold their lives, their

beliefs, in their hand. What are such men to do? To tamper with the certainty of their intellectual convictions? Impossible! So far the Positivists.

Let us look at the other side, and the prospect will not, perhaps, be so gloomy. The idea of law is evolved from necessary sequences, which we call causation: if an entirely erratic condition is involved, there can be no law; and, so far as any condition is erratic—that is, self-moving and uncontrolled—so far are all phenomena in which it plays a part incapable of being reduced to laws. And the human mind and will is erratic. It may be proved by metaphysicians, or Positivists, that it may not be, ought not to be, cannot be, erratic; but we each become Cartesians instinctively, and need no external proof of independence of will. Here, then, is the barrier beyond which law can never come. It can never affect individual consciousness of freedom of will, of duty, of right and wrong in reference to man and self, of right and sin in reference to God.

Here are the two piers on which the bridge must be built to overreach the horrid chasm. Both are absolutely secure—the one on the surest foundation of reason; the other on the eternal fact of man's heart and conscience, and consciousness of spiritual guidance and support. Temporarily, the bridge has been "honey-combed with unbelief;" let us protect and strengthen the piers—both the piers—lest one of *them* be carried away, assured that some day there will be erected on them an edifice which shall more than compensate for the one now crumbling, and being whirled in bitter triumph away.

FROM LONDON TO BALLACHULISH AND BACK.

"LET us have a few days in the Highlands," we said; "they will do us more good than a trip to Paris." So we changed our plan, my companion and I; Monday, the 2d of September, saw us buying knapsacks at Charing-Cross; and on the evening of that day we were in our places in the third-class carriage at Euston Square, booked for Glasgow. Is there any man who would give 5*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* to go first-class, or 4*l.* 2*s.* to go second, when he may have a third-class return-ticket, good for a month, for 2*l.* 2*s.*? There may be such fools, but such were not we.

A night-journey in a third-class carriage is not altogether uninteresting. You can't, of course, look out much. The gleaming succession of indistinct fields, broken by black embankments and hedges as they whirr past, soon fatigues you; and you turn contentedly inwards. Railway economy does not afford much light even here to third-class passengers. One lamp in the middle of the roof of a long carriage of four compartments is not enough to read by; it hardly serves to let you see clearly who are in the carriage. So, after watching for a time the exchanging that goes on of hats for caps or wide-awakes, the adjustings of cloaks and rugs for softer seats or for the chances of a snooze, the openings and shuttings of the windows according to the various demands for air—compromised at last into keeping them shut all the way, save at stopping-stations, or when some incorrigible smoker will lean out into the infinite to enjoy his pipe in peace—you contract your regards to yourself and your companion, and settle down as you best may. The noise makes talk difficult; and, save by way of due recognition of each other at intervals, you give it up. Then begins the real power of railway-travelling at night. You are left to yourself, and it depends on what kind of "self" you have how you get on. By the mingled jostling and silence it seems as if some

deep under-memory, in which each one of us keeps locked up all the recollections of our past lives, were loosened and shaken, so that recollection after recollection floats up detached from the concealed accumulation beneath, bringing with it visions of things long forgotten. Faces of other years flit past; the grave yields back its dead; pieces of solitary road, along which you walked long ago, thinking of nothing that you can remember, are seen again with a startling distinctness, for which you cannot account; your feet are again on stairs they used to haunt of old; you stand again in rooms warm with the winter's light and fire of particular evenings long gone, hearing once more familiar voices. Mayhap, little histories of early love are rehearsed, and some fair image, young as ever, becomes luminous, in a violet halo, before the half-shut eyes. Well for those whose recollections, as they are thus jostled up, bring not more of what is dark and dismal! Could the recollections of all the persons, twenty-four, or so, in number, who are thus being whisked together through the night in the same wooden box over the fields and past the sleeping villages of mid-England, be but mixed and made common, what revelations there might be of mutual horror! Ere now, so must have travelled, huddled up in his corner, the undiscovered murderer. As such fancies come, you peer into the farthest corner of the carriage, to make out, in the object huddled up there, the awful man of the present journey. It is but an innocent young Cockney, fast asleep! Gradually, your reminiscences passing into dreams, you doze too, a few minutes at a time. And so, what with such occupations, what with gettings out now and then to stamp the feet on the platforms of unknown stations, the hours pass till it begins to be daylight. It was so with us before we reached Penrith; from which place northwards, with the advantage of the light, we had more to

see both within and without the carriage. The feeling of proximity to Scotland, after we had passed Carlisle, seemed to have an exhilarating effect on all of us; and, when we crossed the little stream of the Sark, which slightly divides the two countries, and it was announced that we were actually in Scotland, there was quite a rustle of interest. Thence, onward through hilly Dumfriesshire, our course was pretty lively. To Dumfriesshire succeeded Lanarkshire; in time we were at the Carstairs Junction, where the carriages for Edinburgh and those for Glasgow part company; and by half-past ten we were at the Glasgow terminus.

Our intention had been to get some way into the Highlands that same day. We had in fact set down Lochgoilhead, in Argyshire, as our first resting-place, meaning from that to walk our way to about the extreme north of Argyshire, —we cared not exactly by what route, so that it involved Glencoe. But "the best-laid schemes," &c.; and *our* scheme was opposed at the outset by an unexpected obstacle—the Channel Fleet. This great national institution, it seems, has recently been under orders to sail about and exhibit itself at various parts of our coasts. It had just arrived in the Firth of Clyde; and the whole population on both sides of the Firth, from Glasgow downwards, were agog about it. Accordingly, when, after breakfasting, we stepped down to Broomielaw Quay to take the afternoon boat for Lochgoilhead, we found that the boat was off its usual beat that day, and was away conveying a load of Glasgowiegians down the river to see the fleet. Our conclusion was to get on board the Arran boat, and go down the river too, as far as Gourock, where the morning boat for Lochgoilhead would be convenient enough.

What a blessed people the Glasgow people are, with such a river and firth at their command! To be able, in an hour or two, and at the expense of a shilling or two, to leave the city behind and be set down on some lovely bit of half-Highland coast, or on some romantic

island, or at the mouth of some Highland glen miles up one of the mountain-girt salt-water lochs which open from the Firth—what the Londoners would give, if they could get all this, with no commercial deduction, out of their Thames! The Glasgow people are fully aware of their advantages. "Down the water" is a universal custom among them in summer time. There may be an evening's excursion, or a whole day's excursion, for those who *must* reside in Glasgow; and all along the Firth are the villas of merchants and manufacturers, where their families are quartered several months of the year, while Paterfamilias runs up and down as business requires. Ninety per cent. of the wooing of young Glasgow takes place, and ninety per cent. of the matches are made up, "down the water." Indeed, now that travelling is so easy, a large proportion of the Edinburgh people, and of the east-coast people generally, take their annual holiday, as a matter of course, somewhere down the Clyde.

Our boat, steaming past Dumbarton Rock, and then, in due time, through the middle of the Channel Fleet, opposite Greenock, gave us a capital view of the ships, the rigging of many of which was covered with Jack's shirts and hammocks. All day, we were told, the ships had been receiving visitors in shoals. There was to be a grand ball in the evening at Greenock in honour of the fleet, at which all the officers were to be present; and what flirting there would be between Jack and fair Jemima Watt ere the fleet left the famous port, no one could tell.

Leaving the attractions of the ball behind us, we spent the night at Gourock, two miles below Greenock. What little was to be seen or done in this village, or its pretty straggling continuation of villas on green heights, called Ashton, we saw and did before going to bed. One thing greatly perplexed us about Gourock. We had heard of it as a bathing-place; its very look solicited bathing; we were told that bathing went on in it; but there was no sign of bathing-machine or bathing-box; no spot

of the beach for a mile or two but was under the direct inspection of villa-windows or house-windows; and how one could bathe in these circumstances, and yet avoid the "prosecution according to law" with which frequent boards threatened any too obvious bathing, was a problem we could not solve. My belief is that they do bathe at Gourrock, but that it is done solemnly, to slow music, at the dead of night.

Early in the forenoon of Wednesday, September 4th, we were away from Gourrock pier, where we had been watching boys fishing, and were steaming across the Firth to the mouth of Loch Long, seen in a rainy haze opposite. This noble loch, which runs northwards about twenty-two miles, separating the Argyshire from the Dumbartonshire Highlands, is ascended by two sets of steamers—the one going the whole length of the loch as far as Arrochar, whence the walk is short to Loch Lomond; the other leaving the loch at about half its length up, and taking to Loch Goil, which is a smaller loch, about six miles in extent, branching more westward into Argyshire. Ours was the Loch Goil boat; and so, after ascending part of Loch Long, enjoying the sight of its slopes and heathy steeps on either side, and touching here and there at the prettiest little piers and watering-places, we turned into our steamer's own peculiar loch,—the loch of Campbell's ballad:—

"Now who be ye would cross Loch Goil,
This dark and stormy water?"
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

The loch is about a mile broad. On our right were the rugged skirts and shoulders of the grand mass of fissured mountains to which some grim stroke of poetic jest in old times has given the name of Argyle's Bowling Green; on our left were the steeps of Knap Hill, and the stern heights of Benuluar. Midway up this water-gap of wild scenery, on a rock jutting into the loch on its left side, was the ruin of Carrick Castle, as old at least as the fifteenth century; near which spot, according to legend,

the hero and heroine of Campbell's ballad, fleeing from the angry father, embarked in the fatal ferry. Ere we knew, however, we were at the end of the loch—released from the steamer at the little village of Lochgoilhead, and left to our own devices.

Hell's Glen—do not start, reader!—lay before us. A coach, waiting for the steamer, takes passengers through this glen; but, though we had heard of the fame of John Campbell, the driver of this coach, and had been told it would be worth while to get beside him and hear some of his stories, we set out on foot. We had come to do a bit of walking, and, though we had misgivings as to the weather, would not knock in at once. This matter of the weather was our only care during the trip. Though there had been astonishingly fine weather for a long time in England, though we had left the grass about London actually brown for want of rain, the report in the parts where we now were was that there had been nothing but rain, rain, incessant rain, in the whole west of Scotland for eight weeks, and that no other such season of continuous wet was remembered. Hearing this, and having indeed had rain, or the threatening of rain, with us from Glasgow to where we now were, we entered Hell's Glen rather dubiously. Scarcely had we done so, and John Campbell's coach had passed us, when the rain came, with a good blow of wind to boot, and we were fain to put on our waterproof leggings. These, with our over-coats, served us very well; and, though we had rain at intervals all the way, our Hell's Glen walk was cheery enough. "Deep, rugged, and gloomy," is the character given of the glen; and so we found it, though hardly in the degree which the name had led us to expect—perhaps, because the road does not keep to the bottom of the glen, but winds by steep ascent through it the whole way for about four miles. But the heights, the clefts, the big masses of stone, and the rushing of streams, white and narrow in their feeders down the hill-sides, but brown as they tumbled in their rocky

channels below,—all these, under the dull, wet sky, furnished, to eyes accustomed for some months only to English flats or hills like that of Primrose, a tolerably weird-like spectacle. There was, at least, solitude in abundance. In the whole glen we encountered but two human beings. One was a Gaelic veteran, ditching in the wet by the road-side, near its entrance—to whom a glass of whisky from our flask came like a celestial surprise, and who will think of us for ever as the two angels of Hell's Glen in waterproof leggings. The other, whom we overtook about half-way through the glen, was a poor woman from Glasgow, trudging along very fast, in the same direction as ourselves, barefoot, and meanly clad, though with a bonnet, and coloured artificial flowers in it, over which she kept a small bit of checked shawl to save it from the rain. One easily knows a Lowlander from a Highlander on the road in these parts, if only from the greater rapidity with which the Lowlander answers a question, put in English. But we had the poor woman's story from herself. Her husband was a Glasgow tailor; a very quiet man, she said, except when—the usual Caledonian exception! He had been out of work for some time, and, the Saturday before, he and some of his comrades had gone down the water in an excursion-boat to Lochgoilhead. Here there had been drink, a row, and fighting; her husband, struck by another first, also a tailor, had knocked him down, with a cut on the head; the police had been called in; and, while the others, including the wounded man, had got back to Glasgow, her husband, resisting the police, had been kept in custody. Only on Monday had she learnt this; she had written to the police at Lochgoilhead; but, receiving no answer, she had left her two children in Glasgow, and come down herself—in the same boat with us, it seemed—to see what could be done. At Lochgoilhead she had been told that her husband had been taken to Inverary jail; so she was now on her way, in her dragged condition, to Inverary,

to see the Fiscal. Her ideas as to the course of justice were rather vague—amounting to this, that, as her husband had been sent for by his employers, and as he belonged to a society, “maybe the Fiscal wad tak’ siller, and lat him oot.” She trudged along with us, or a little ahead of us; and we eased her fears about missing the usual ferry to Inverary, which had been the cause of her walking so fast, by telling her she could go over in the boat with us.

Arrived at the head of Hell's Glen, we had the descent to St. Catherine's Ferry before us, and the expanse of Loch Fyne in view, with Inverary and its woods opposite. The redoubtable John Campbell, we found, was ferryman as well as coachman; and, in the sail of more than half-an-hour which we had across the loch from St. Catherine's to Inverary, tacking twice in what seemed a gulf of mist—John himself handling the rudder, and giving his orders about the sails in Gaelic to his assistant, while he talked with us in the most fluent English—we had an opportunity of judging of his colloquial powers. In appearance a handsome edition of Rob Roy, with light reddish hair and beard, and as strong-looking a head as one would see anywhere, John is no mere unsophisticated child of nature, like those Celtic pedlars and drovers from whom his namesake, Mr. Campbell of Islay, collected his Gaelic legends, but a shrewd, wide-awake, perfectly cultured and conscious rhetorician, who has passed through his hands streams of tourists for many summers past, taken the measure of that style of article, and whetted his wits upon it without much respect for it. We evidently ranked rather low in his esteem; but he condescended to us nevertheless. Among the topics that occurred as we were in the mist on the loch, with the wet brown sail flapping over us, was that of wealth and gentle blood. Though a Highlander, John took—for the nonce only, I believe, and to introduce one of his sayings—the Saxon view of the subject. “Are we not all descended,” he said, holding the rudder, but in a cadence that would

have done as well on a London platform as in the mist of Loch Fyne, "from one man, who was turned out of his situation for an act of dishonesty"? We had other sayings and stories from him, more in local keeping, before we clambered from his boat on to the slippery pier at Inverary. Here, while our poor dripping companion from Glasgow set out to seek the Fiscal—in which quest our small acquaintance with the place did not enable us to assist her—we were taken possession of by a "boots," and walked off to the George Inn. Our first stipulation was for Loch Fyne herrings at dinner. In the rest of our journey we found all kinds of fish scarcer than we had anticipated; we saw no grouse or other game at any of the inns we stayed at; the most get-at-able food everywhere was small Highland mutton chops.

Inverary, of itself, and as it now is, would win the glance of interest from whatever eye, susceptible to natural beauty, should rest on it, or sweep the scene around. But, whoever would come with the full preparation of sentiment for this locality, let him be fresh from the reading of the *Legend of Montrose*. After all, how much of the power of natural scenes over our feelings depends on the richness of the associations with which History, or human genius inventing History, may have invested them! And, so long as Scotland lasts, shall she ever, by all the statues she can erect, express one tithe of the gratitude her very soil owes to Scott? Scarce any considerable part of her varied territory, Highland or Lowland, from the Border to the remote Orkneys, but, in some one of his works, he has consecrated it, enriched it, made it poetical, endowed it with an actual magnetism, compelling to it the feet of many from the rest of the earth, and the fancies of myriads more. What parts he did omit so to honour in the distribution of his fictions are by that everlastingly the poorer. It might have been even commercially worth the while of any of these towns or districts, now left undignified by one of Scott's creations, to have sent a deputation to him while

living, and offered him a month's free quarters in the midst of them, with all expenses paid, and 10,000*l.* down, only for a waft of recognition in his next novel to repair the omission. Even to the ducal house of Argyle it has not been of no consequence that Scott has taken such large liberties with their name and kin in his novels, and has so used their wide and wild domain as footing for the incidents and characters of his fancy. Most notably of all, perhaps, it concerns them now that it entered into his head to send the famous Dugald Dalgetty, as Montrose's emissary, to the Castle of Inverary. "Embarked on the bosom of Loch Fyne," says Scott, describing that champion, and his steed Gustavus, approaching the castle in the galley, "Captain Dalgetty might have admired one
"of the grandest scenes which nature
"affords. He might have noticed the
"rival rivers, Ary and Shira, which pay
"tribute to the lake, each issuing from
"its own dark and wooded retreat. He
"might have marked, on the soft and
"gentle slope that ascends from the
"shores, the noble old Gothic Castle,
"with its varied outline, embattled
"walls, towers, and outer and inner
"courts, which, so far as the picturesque
"is concerned, presented an aspect much
"more striking than the present massive
"and uniform mansion. He might
"have admired those dark woods which,
"for many a mile, surrounded this strong
"and princely dwelling, and his eye
"might have dwelt on the picturesque
"peak of Duniquoich, starting abruptly
"from the lake, and raising its scathed
"brow into the mists of middle sky;
"while a solitary watch-tower, perched
"on its top like an eagle's nest, gave
"dignity to the scene by awakening
"a sense of possible danger." This description is good yet, save that the old Gothic Castle—which Scott must have seen, for it was not taken down till 1810—has now disappeared, and the ducal residence is now that "massive and uniform mansion" of which he speaks by anticipation, and which was erected in 1745. Another change is, that the town of Inverary, which in Captain

Dalgetty's time stood directly in front of the old castle, between it and the loch—"a rude assemblage of huts," as Scott describes it, "with a very few stone mansions interspersed"—is now also gone (erased in 1745, say the guide-books, when the new castle was built), and that its successor, a neat little stone town of about 1,200 souls, stands a little way clear of the Duke's residence. But the moral change from Dugald Dalgetty's time was, to us, the most remarkable. When that valiant Ritt-master made his acquaintance with Inverary, the first object that struck him in the market-place before the frowning castle-gate, and which turned even his stout heart, was the gibbet with five dead bodies swinging from it—three of them Highland caterans, and two of them "Sassenach bits o' bodies that 'wadna do something that M'Callum 'More bade them;" and, when he got to the castle-gate itself, there stood the huge block, with the axe upon it, and the bloody sawdust round. Dugald himself, as the veritable history tells us, when he came into the presence of the great Gillespie Grumach, whose power and his stern administration of it these sights typified, found his safe-conduct of little use; and the first Inverary food he tasted was bread and water in the dark castle-dungeon into which he was unceremoniously tumbled. *Now*, though we, too, were invaders of the great M'Callum More's stronghold, and though one of us claimed some connexion with that very Marischal College of which Captain Dalgetty was the living son (alas! the famous college exists no longer, and the roll of the Dalgettys is closed), we strolled about with no such fears. The gibbet was gone; the block and the sawdust were gone; there was, we believe, no castle-dungeon; and all we had to remind us that Inverary was still a centre of justice for Argyleshire was the thought of the poor Glasgow tailor locked up in the jail near.

Seriously, the Argyle family, though they owe much to Scott, might have an action of damages against his executors, did the law allow such a thing, for that

particular liberty with their family history which consists in his representation of the great Presbyterian Marquis, Gillespie Grumach. A novelist may do what he likes; and if, with something of antipathy to a celebrated man of the past, caused by his own political and historical prepossessions, he gets up a scene in which this personage slinks in disguise into a dungeon to extract information from his prisoners, and one of them recognises him, pins him to the ground, and half throttles him—the throttler being a Dugald Dalgetty, for whom the reader's sympathies have been so thoroughly secured beforehand that the throttling is a perfect treat to think of—why, History may toil for ever in vain to obliterate the impressions thus made by Fiction. In reality, however, Gillespie Grumach and his connexions with Scottish History form a theme which not the Argyle family alone might desire to see rescued from the possession of merely fictitious literature. So much of Scottish history is wrapped up in the lives and fortunes of the Argyles, more especially from the time of Gillespie Grumach through the two or three generations following, that one wonders why this family history remains to be compiled. So fully did we feel this as we strolled along the beach at Inverary, after a stiffish tumbler of toddy, that we were on the point of requesting an interview with the Duke, and explaining to him what might be the importance of the contents of his own charter-chests. Not being Americans, and not being quite sure but that there *might* be a dungeon in the castle, our courage failed us. Besides, the Duke was away in Mull.

If that which perplexed us about Gourrock was the mode of bathing, that which perplexed us about Inverary was the relation in which society stood to the cows. As we passed a most respectable house in the main street, the door of which was nicely painted, and had a neat black knocker, the door was opened from the inside by a housemaid, and out issued—not a lady-visitor in crinoline, but a most pleasant-looking

cow. My explanation was the simple one that the "byre," or cow-house, was at the back of the premises, to which there was but one entry; but my more imaginative companion would not have it so. His theory was that there was a tea-party up-stairs, and that it was the Inverary custom for the cow in such cases to be sent for, that she might walk round the tea-table, and let each guest, the cup of hot tea and sugar in one hand, help himself or herself to the necessary addition with the other.

The next morning we were away from Inverary on our walk to our next station—Dalmally, sixteen miles north-east. Our walk was first through the grounds and woods which surround the Duke's mansion, and then still farther up the glen of the Ary, where, amid the bare moors and hills, its waters diminish in volume as its falls are passed and one after another of the tributary burns on which it depends. To hills, moors, and burns our eyes were now accustomed; but we had many an arresting variation of such scenery of brown wildness right and left. And then, when we came to the descent towards Cladich, and afterwards on the road beyond, there burst upon us, and continued with us, the famous beauty of the inland Loch Awe—the northern portion of which lay still and placid before us, its waters winding irregularly round the bases of the hills, and round the wooded spurs and promontories which the hills send forth to jag and narrow them, while here and there on their middle calmness arose a leafy islet. It was a scene, as the eye looked only downwards to the lake and its fringes, of peaceful loveliness, almost of witching softness; but, as the eye ranged and raised itself, what grandeur in the frame-work and far shutting-in! To the east, mountains, with breaks among them into the mysteries of distant glens; due north, on the other side of the lake, gathering itself up from its arms and offsets, and dwindling the lake into seeming smallness by comparison, the giant-mass of Ben Cruachan, twenty miles in girth round its base, so that all Lon-

don could lie crushed beneath its pressure, and measuring 3,670 feet of direct height to its split tops! We could understand how the lovely Highland scene, so sheltered and shut in, had been the original cradle of the great Campbell family, in those old days of the Bruce when they were as yet but developing the bold and cautious acquisitiveness that was to make all Argyleshire and more their own; and how, returning from one of those excursions far and wide which their acquisitiveness prompted to the refuge of the little island of Innis-Chollen, where an ivy-mantled ruin still marks their primitive nest, and pursued thither by the howlings of half Scotland, they could exult in their ancient taunt, "It is a far cry to Loch Awe." But, pursuing our road along the Loch, with Ben Cruachan, like a Falstaff among the Scottish mountains, still filling our gaze as we looked left, we were now in expectation of another old memorial of the antiquity of the Campbells in those parts—the ruin of Kilchurn Castle, the ancient seat of their Breadalbane branch.

On the outlook for this, however, we came first on a much more modern affair—a monument, on one of the smaller hills in front of us, to the memory of the Gaelic poet, Duncan Ban Macintyre. This man, whose name will not be found in any of our Biographical Dictionaries, is the Burns of the Highlanders in those parts. He was born in 1724; and, save that, in the Rebellion of 1745, he served on the Government side, and fought at the battle of Falkirk, he seems to have lived all his life among his native hills. He was totally uneducated; and his occupations were those of a shepherd or forester in the service, sometimes of the Breadalbane family, sometimes of that of Argyle. Of the songs which he composed, and which are said to linger in the memory of many in the wild region which his well-placed monument surveys, a small collection was published at Edinburgh, in 1804, while he was still alive, under the title of "*Orain Ghaidhealach*," or "Gaelic Poems." Why

does not some literary Celt give us a proper account of such men and of their remains? Nay, why do not the Highland lairds club together to do for the literature of the Gael that service of complete collection and publication (only let translation be added) which was done seventy years ago for the native literature of Wales by one patriotic Welshman, a furrier in Thames-street?

From such thoughts, suggested by Duncan Ban Macintyre's monument, we were recalled by the sight of that older monument in the search for which it had interrupted us—the ruin of Kilchurn Castle. Famous though we knew it to be “as the grandest of the many baronial ruins of the Western Highlands,” it lay too far off the road, on the lip of the loch, for us to go up to it. We stood to have the best glimpse we could get of its square mass and towers—wafting towards it from that little distance something of the feeling with which Wordsworth beheld it:—

“Shade of departed power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infant years.”

Though there had been no rain to speak of during the day, we had dawdled a good deal on the road, and we were not sorry when we reached Dalmally Inn. A most pleasant resting-place, as we found for ourselves by an experience of dinner, bed, and breakfast, a slow saunter round the house as far as slippers could carry us, and the soothing of a quiet evening cigar (oh! oh! it was pipes) on the wooden bench by the door! Sitting here, we were in view of a large parish church and churchyard, and of an opposite mass of scarred hill-side, which was mutely eloquent, while the sound of the swollen Orchy was ceaseless in our ears. If only one knew what they do with themselves in those wild regions in winter, one could be very happy, methinks, as the landlord of such an inn. In no condition could one better realize the state of mind of the old Scotch rhyme—

“Happy the man that belongs to no party,
But sits in his ain house and looks at
Benarty.”

As it is, and forgetting the white winter which wraps in those regions of glen and solitude, and withdraws them from the entire ken of the more peopled parts of the land, one may recommend Dalmally to the summer tourist who wants to have a quiet week in the Highlands in some one spot, or to any couple, all-happy in each other, who would be alone in the same place for a month, be comfortably lodged, and have moors and hills to sing their spousal. We gathered this, not from our own experience only, but from the encomiums on the inn and neighbourhood inscribed in the book which preserved the names of visitors of past summers and autumns, sunnier than the present had been. There were attestations of excellent fishing to be had in the Orchy, in Loch Awe, and in I know not what streams around; the walks to Kilchurn Castle and other spots were declared delightful; one practical fellow recommended the bitter beer; there was an entry, signed with the names too, which, if it did not vouch for a honeymoon of ecstasy spent there, was a sheer misuse of language. “Farewell, Dalmally, sweetest nook in the land of brown heath and shaggy wood,” was the beginning of another burst of enthusiasm in a young lady's hand; and not a few had been moved to very bad verse. One saw, unexpectedly, autographs of friends, and of eminent persons one had never thought of in connexion with Dalmally. The most touching autograph was that of an officer—a Major, if I remember aright—who, while staying at this very inn, had received his summons to join his regiment immediately, for India during the mutiny. He stated the fact, added “God bless you all!” and signed his name.

Our Friday's walk was the longest we took, and not very long either—from Dalmally to King's House at the entrance to Glencoe, a distance of twenty-six miles. We were joined in it by a solid good-natured North-of-England man, whom we had encountered at

Inverary, who had followed us to Dalmally, and who took a fancy for us which was highly creditable to him. With few intervals, we had rain the whole way, often in heavy, piercing showers; and it was not long before we were wet about the shoulders round our knapsacks.

The first part of our way lay through Glenorchy for twelve or thirteen miles. The road here, close by the Orchy all the way, is rather a cross-road than a main one. It was intersected by burns from the hills to the right, running into the river; and, as these were somewhat in spate, we soon became reckless, plashed through them as they came, and experienced the truth of the maxim of pedestrians, that it is even a luxury to walk with thoroughly wet feet. The glen, a vast moor-like trough between two ranges of hills, with the Orchy flowing full and large through the midst of it, and often dashing over rocks and boulders, impressed us chiefly by its solitude. It was the most solitary tract we had yet seen, and we began to have fancies as to the outfit that might be necessary for a modern Timon, who, disgusted with the world, should choose to set up as a gentleman-hermit on one of its braes. We allowed him to have his hut built and sufficiently furnished beforehand; and we fancied him arriving in it alone one evening, setting down his hat in it, and resolved from that moment to cater absolutely for himself. What ought he to bring with him? "An axe," we said, "a fowling-piece and rifle, powder and shot, fishing gear, a game licence, and a box of lucifer-matches." We thought of allowing him only one lucifer-match to begin with; but, though we had visions of what might be done with peat and gunpowder, we recoiled before the responsibility of turning a fellow-creature adrift in such conditions, bearing between his fingers so slight a potentiality of fire. On the whole, we found how exceedingly incompetent we were for the problem; and we conceived a prodigious admiration for such men as Mr. Galton, who could furnish a gentleman-hermit, in half an hour, with an exact inventory of the things

he ought to take with him, to live in Glenorchy independently. Ah! in the days when there were no lucifer-matches and no game-licences, wild men did live in Glenorchy, and smoke ascended from huts on its braes. Not a man of the name of Macgregor, it is said, is now to be found in the whole district; but Glenorchy, with its neighbouring glens, was the true region of the Macgregors from the thirteenth century onwards, when the clan was in its greatest strength. In the old churchyard at Dalmally—not the one now used—are sculptured tombs of the Macgregors; on the Gallow Hill of Glenorchy they hanged men in the days of their lordship; Kilchurn itself was one of their strongholds. But the time came when this clan, of all in the Highlands, became the proscribed and persecuted one; when it became the policy of the Scottish government to root them out, and the astute Campbells, representing that policy, walked systematically into their lands. So it continued age after age, till they were driven from their ancient seats, and dispersed, landless and nameless, some northwards as far as Rannoch, and others southwards to the vicinity of Loch Lomond, where their long feud with civilization died out in Rob Roy. Scott has given the song of the clan in their state of dispersion—

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the
brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by
day:

Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!
Glenorchy's proud mountains, Kilchurn and
her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours,
We are landless, landless, landless, Grega-
lich!"

Leaving the glen, thus haunted at night by the ghosts of the old Macgregors, and getting into the main road at Orchy Bridge just as the four-horse coach southwards dashed past, we were soon at Inveroran Inn, some three or four miles on. Wet as we were, a rest of an hour at this little hostelry, with something to eat and the liberty of the

kitchen-fire, was not unwelcome; and, while the potatoes were being boiled, we had a sight, through the landlord's glass, of a large herd of deer on the brow of a far-off hill. What we chiefly carried away from Inveroran, however, was the image of the handsome Highland Hebe who had brought in the potatoes and otherwise attended to us, and a profound sense of the necessity of then and there celebrating her in a song, in which our North-of-England friend should do the part of the captive of her charms. That the song should be called "*The Lass of Inveroran*," and that these words should be its refrain, was obvious enough; but, with the potatoes and chops in our heads, and walking on a wet road in glazed leggings, our invention was far from nimble, and we could only block out a rude idea of the rhymes. Many courtly beauties, we declared, had been celebrated in books—one might refer especially to those of *Dr. Doran*; but among all such beauties—it did not matter a whit when they had lived, whether after or before *Anne*—there was not one that could compare, in any unprejudiced mind, with the *Lass of Inveroran*! There were various marriage-customs in the world—in that vast world round which so suddenly the fame of *Mrs. Beecher Stowe ran*; but here was one sound heart, indifferent to modes and customs, who would consent to any legal form of marriage, were it even marriage on the *Koran*, provided only the being to whom the ceremony should link his fate should be the one he preferred to all others, the *Lass of Inveroran*! With the chops and potatoes in our heads, it took us a mile to concoct this; by which time we were passing Loch Tolla and the shooting-lodge of the Marquis of Breadalbane, and were fairly out on our afternoon stretch of ten miles, through the Marquis's deer-forest of Blackmount to our destination at King's House.

"Forest" is the name; but, save some plantings near Loch Tolla, all consists of bleak, black hills, among which the deer manage somehow. Hill-satiated as we should have supposed

ourselves to be, there was in the dreariness, all along the road, ever some new combination of the few simple features of mountain, glen, cairn, gully, and small moor-girt lake, to interrupt the monotony of the impression, and convince us how much more various and subtle are the strokes and shadows of nature on our minds, in any one of its expanses, than are our resources of language in characterizing them. It was on our right that the view was dreariest; for here, as I have found from the guide-books since, we were, without knowing it, on the verge of the great moor of Rannoch, "a tract of 28 miles by 16, "with a mean elevation of about 1,000 "feet above the level of the sea, chiefly "a wild waste, the largest and dreariest "moor in Scotland." According to the same authority, the western part of this moor "lies well under the eye in the "road from Loch Tolla to King's House; "and this part contains the flat, sinuous, "repulsive Loch Lydoch, seven miles "long and about a mile broad, and "is, all else, a mixture of bog, "heath, and rock, hideous and dismal, "without life or feature, environed in "the far distance by coarse, dark mountains." I confess to a kind of dread, dull affection for the Stygian tract, thus outcast of the guide-books, which I saw without knowing its name, though the "repulsive loch" began its leech-like length over the dismal moor at our feet, and the "coarse, dark mountains" seemed, as we walked, to bound in some realm of ugliness and doom. For not only did it fascinate us superstitiously on our right as we went, and while as yet the range of view in that direction was tolerably clear; but it must have formed part of an extraordinary scene which lay before us, as we were descending the last bit of our road towards the spot where we knew we should find King's House Inn. Never did I, and never did my companion, see a scene so unearthly, so Acherontic. It was getting towards evening; the rain had been with us all day; the whole air around us was charged with vapour; but down in the huge hollow

before us the vapour lay in one whitish, semi-transparent sea of mist, in which all things tangible seemed to end, through which there seemed to come disturbing puffs and motions, clearing darker chasms which slowly filled up again, while the boundary behind was a ridge of opaque and formless ground, rising into what might be hills, but holding, as if half up the height of the hills, a chain of glimmering lakes. The ghastliness of the misty hollow, and especially of these glimmering water-islets hung in the seeming gloom of hills, was positively appalling. We looked again and again; our pace slackened; we were not as tourists descending a common road to an inn, but as men who had been under a lure into those savage parts, and might now be descending into an Inferno. Soon, however, as we still descended, the phantasmagory melted. King's House Inn, as we reached it, was a plain white house, solitary enough in the dark waste, but with intelligible surroundings; and, ere long, with a peat fire in its chief room to cheer us, we were drying our things, and making ourselves comfortable with tea and toddy.

Next day—Saturday—on the plea that our things were not yet dry, we were not inclined to begin our walk early; and our North-of-England friend, who *was* inclined, went on without us after breakfast. My companion was then seized with an uncontrollable desire to catch trout in the burn which runs past the inn. Not having regarded him before in the light of a fisher, I thought him *fey*; but off he set, with such rickety rod and tackle as the inn could supply, and with two or three boys, sons of the landlady, dangling after him. Catching occasional glimpses of him making his throws up the burn, I kept sauntering about the bridge and the bit of road near the inn. In one direction the materials of the scene of the previous evening were now commonplace enough, so that I could see how much of it had depended on atmospheric effect; but, in another, the noble moun-

tain of Buachaille Etive, or "The Herd of Etive"—a mountain of peculiarly graceful form as seen from King's House, so close at its base—might have been looked at till it was loved. On the right flank of this mountain the eye would trace also the road that was to lead us through Glencoe, and would anticipate what might be the reality of that famous glen and pass, long heard of, and now arrived at. So hours went by. At length my friend came back from his fishing, and with such a reproach to my scepticism in the shape of a bundle of burn-trout that I said nothing, but helped to eat them, at the dinner we now ordered, as if I had quite expected them. It was latish in the afternoon—later than we had intended—before we took the road for Ballachulish through Glencoe. It had been a fine day in contrast with the rain of yesterday; and, when we left King's House—so called as having been a station for King's troops for restraining disaffection in this part of the Highlands after 1745—we had actual streaks of sunshine and bits of blue sky overhead.

Our delay had been so long, and there was so much unpleasantness in the prospect of its being dark a full hour or so before we reached Ballachulish—a place of which we knew nothing but its name and that it had something to do with slates, and which, accordingly, we fancied to be a blue, slaty, tumble-down kind of village, with an inn or two lurking in it—that, after we had got some three miles along the flank of Buachaille Etive, and were already in the outer jaws of the Glen, we yielded to the temptation of the Glencoe coach, with its red-coated driver and guard, and a small show of passengers a-top, which overtook us at that point. We got up, and had soon, in the sharp turns of the coach, in the way the four horses took curves and short ascents at the gallop, and in that peculiar sensation of the solids of your body sinking faster than the fluids which accompanies sudden descents of vehicles, abundant reason for keeping the seat-rail in grasp, and for admiring a style of driving very different from that of a

London omnibus. I am not sure, however, but we ought to regret having taken the coach through Glencoe. We saw the peculiar grandeurs of the Glen—the tight crushing together of so many individual mountains, gnarled and jammed at their bases so as to form the two irregular and almost continuous masses which clip between them the narrow strip of low stony ground where the Coe runs, having for its reservoir a small dark loch; the transverse gashes into these walls, and their bare rocky steepes, seamed by the pathways of numberless torrents; the craggy cones and pinnacles into which the little Alps shoot aloft, where the Glen has its rugged sky-line. We had pointed out to us also, by the guard, the objects of chief note in the Glen—the contiguous peaks called “The Three Sisters;” “Ossian’s Cave,” high on the inaccessible face of a cliff; and that offset of the Glen where the Macdonalds had had their huts, and which had been the special scene of “the Massacre.” The guard himself was a Macdonald; and, as he told us this, in answer to our question, there was more than jest in his grim look when he added that he hoped neither of us was a Campbell. But, when we had emerged from the Glen at its western termination, near the slate-quarries and the quarriers’ village of Invercoe, on the banks of Loch Leven, and when, looking back on the gloomy forms of the hills which then blocked it from our view, we felt that this object of our journey had been accomplished, and that we had been actually through Glencoe, we confessed to something of disappointment. Whether it was that our anticipations had been of something awful on a larger scale, or that our having been whirled through the glen on a coach had diminished its proportion to us in comparison with the really less remarkable scenes whose effects we had better exhausted by going through them slowly on foot, or, lastly, that the weather had been too clear and cheerful—certain it is that what we remember and think of now is not Glencoe as it *was* seen, but our imagina-

tion of Glencoe as we felt it might have been seen.

“If thou wouldst view fair Melrose right,
Go visit it by pale moonlight,”

said Scott; of whom it is on record that he never himself saw what he thus recommended. And so, for any one who would see Glencoe aright, our advice would be, that he should set out from King’s House Inn at dusk, when there should be no temptation of a coach, and walk absolutely alone through the glen, either when it should be dark, or when there should be the faint light only of stars, or of the moon bowling through cloud-rack. Fools that we are, how, in these days of civilization and snugness in cities, we throw away all that education of which our ancestors had so much—the education of acquaintance with wild and fearful scenes of nature seen in their nocturnal aspects! How few of us have stood in the midst of a moor at midnight all alone, or ridden such a ride as that of Tam o’ Shanter by the haunted churchyard, or paced the sea-shore in dead darkness away from house or habitation, or bivouacked on a hill-side swept by the night-winds, under the bell of the glittering star-deeps! Here, for those that choose, is the hint of a new medicine for minds diseased, of a vast available nurture, yet unapplied, for the cure of dull or over-peevisish nerve, and the rearing up among us of a new order of spirits, that shall move amidst us touched to wilder phantasies as of old, and bringing with them, not only the airs from heaven, of which we still have something, but the blasts from hell, of which we have been long bereft. But there might be gradations of mildness and severity in the application of the medicine; and O! what a man were that who, with the right rudiments of constitution to start with, should have been rendered back to his fellows, still sane and unshattered, after such a four hours as we have fancied in the nocturnal grip of Glencoe! Was not Tam a wiser man, a man of higher potency for ever, after *his* ride in the dark from Ayr to the Brig of Doon? But what was that

ride, with all the sights and sounds of it, to the walk we have imagined? Here one would be, not among the visionary horrors and death-dances of a mere homely century or two, but in that Cona's Vale, sung by Ossian in the distance of Druidic eld, as then the meeting-place of a thousand streams turning their dark eddies through the paleness of night, and the haunt of wan-blue ghosts of warriors long departed, where also were heard strange clashings of shields and moanings from the other world. And, now that there have been accumulated there, to make its night-revel more thick and hideous, all the devilries of a new dispensation and a thousand intervening years, through what heterogeneous horrors of shape and sound, held in the clasp of the fearful hollow, our adventurer would have to urge his way! Scarce, methinks, would he have left King's House before he would have preliminary admonitions in aerial whisperings, in patterings of little feet behind him, in viewless tuggings of his garments, in flickering tongues and gleams of light. And, then, as he persevered, the hair of his head rising, and all his limbs asbake, how these slighter warnings at the glen's skirts would give place to its denser dreadfulness within—the hisses, the shriekings, the gibberings, rushing through the glen and filling it; the huge living things of no shape, rising slowly, to be encountered at each recess of the path; the headless hippopotami sitting by the loch; towering up from the mist of the loch, Ossian's undisturbed form, gigantic and white-mantled; above all, at every step, recurring spectres, with bloody throats, and one hoarse salutation through them, "I'm a Macdonald: Are you a Cawmill?" Surely, I say, the man who, in the three leagues of solitary night-walk from King's House duly performed, should have faced all this and lived through it, would reach Ballachulish either a howling maniac, or a man to be sent for by a masterless nation!

We were now at our journey's end.

Ballachulish, which we had fancied to be a tumble-down village, with slates all about it, turned out to be no such thing, but a single snug inn, beautifully situated near a ferry, on the quiet banks of Loch Leven. The slate-quarries and the quarriers' village had been left behind, a mile or two nearer Glencoe; and the only sign we had of even this degree of vicinity was that, while we were enjoying our comforts in the lighted public room inside, and the darkness had set in without, we found the door of the inn locked, and, on inquiring the reason, were told that, as it was Saturday evening, some thirsty Celts were walking round the house, making demands for more whisky than the house thought it right to yield. From time to time, indeed, we heard the outbarred Gaelic eloquence going round the house in the darkness, like Bloody Tom in the nursery-rhyme; and, especially when any light within approached one of the windows, there came a dash to that inlet of some such brief succession of sounds as "*Booy bulichatanachuiaihu voh*," which we understood to be external nature in Gaelic petitioning for whisky. These sounds had not died away when the rumbling of wheels to the door proclaimed a new arrival of guests; shortly after which we betook ourselves to rest.

The next morning—Sunday—who should the new-comers of the previous evening turn out to have been but a party of friends of our own from London, whom we should never have expected to meet at Ballachulish? The peculiar strictness of these friends was an influence compelling us to a more quiet observance of the day than perhaps we should otherwise have maintained; but we did, in their company, have a Sabbath retrospect of Glencoe, involving a view of the quarriers' village in its Sunday aspect.

Though it had taken us five days to get to Ballachulish from Glasgow, our return to Glasgow by the way we intended—to wit, by the west coast—might have been accomplished in thirteen or fourteen hours. As it was, we broke it

over two days. On Monday morning we were up before it was light, to catch the steamer at Corran Ferry. Thence our sail was delightful, along the picturesque headlands, and among the high islands, of that tract of western coast—the original seat of the Scots, ere they gave their name to the entire kingdom. At Crinan the steamer was exchanged for the canal-boat; and again, at Ardrishaig, the other extremity of the canal, a more powerful steamer took us up, and, carrying us through the lower part of Loch Fyne and the intricacies of the Kyles of Bute, restored us to the well-known Firth. Instead of going all the way to Glasgow, however, we got out at Greenock; whence, that evening and part of the next day, we made a detour, the precise direction of which shall, for the present, remain a mystery. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 10th of September, we were once more in Glasgow. Here we dined with a hospitable friend, whose kindness did not leave us till he saw us in

the railway-carriage at Buchanan Street Station, well wrapt and ready for our long night-journey south. So far as I remember, that journey was but the first over again, with the order of objects reversed, and one variation in our modes of beguiling the time. That variation (let me recommend it to others) was the making of charades. Here are three samples of our produce:—

I.

My first reflects, yet is reflection's foe;
My second is my first, expressed in slang;
Pronounce my whole, and in your fancy, lo!
Mills all a-whirr and hammers all a-clang.

II.

Seek for my first—all round your hat it lies;
My second is a famous antique wine;
When you pronounce my whole, visions arise
Of Highland glens, Swiss mountains, and
the Rhine.

III.

My first is cheerful within modest bounds;
My second indicates a meagre taste;
The accents of my whole are heard in sounds
Uncouth, sad, savage, over many a waste.

MORE ABOUT MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN AT OXFORD."

I FIND that some of my remarks in a late number have been misunderstood.

I did not mean to say that the economic views of the men are all right, that they are advanced politico-economists, or any nonsense of the kind. What I said, and say again, was that the questions referred to there, such as wages, strikes, and lock-outs, the organization of labour, apprenticeship, and kindred questions, are occupying the minds of the men who lead the working classes more and more every day, and that they are not satisfied, and are quite right not to be satisfied, with many dogmas on these subjects which are thrust down their throats as settled truths of political economy.

The men are also accused by some of my correspondents as being "enemies of capital," as "not acknow-

ledging the absolute necessity of a "great accumulation of capital in the country if it is to go forward in its industrial career." The men don't deny the necessity of an accumulation of capital in the country any more than their masters do. They know how necessary it is for the carrying out of great works just as well as their masters. The necessity they deny is, that it should be all in one pocket instead of in a thousand. They say, "It would be very much better for the country, and for us, that we should have more of this capital in our pockets. It does the country no good that a great contractor should keep a dozen hunters at Bletchley, or a yacht at Cowes, or have hot walls, and forced fruit, and splendid preserves (in which he allows nobody below a lord in rank to shoot hen-pheasants), or indulge in

any other of the absurd and wasteful luxuries which men grown suddenly rich are in the habit of indulging in. But it does do the country a great deal of good that a thousand of us skilled workmen should be able to give our wives and families more gowns, and breeches, and shoes, and beef and pudding; that we should be able to spend a few pounds a year on their education and amusement, and should be altogether contented citizens instead of discontented." I have heard this argument, in other words, from the men a hundred times; and I confess that I am quite of their opinion, and don't believe that any scientific law is against them. We have yet to learn that the power of associated capital need be less than the power of capital belonging to an individual. I quite admit that the question is still an open one on this side. But, while we have such industrial societies as the Rochdale Stores at one end of the scale, and such companies as the Peninsular and Oriental at the other, one has a right to insist that the burthen of proof rather lies, even here, upon the great capitalist.

There are other sides, however, of the question to be looked at, besides that of getting great works done quickly. I, as a professional man—one therefore of the neutral public—have a right to look from my own point of view at the whole matter, and am encouraged to do so by the writers (almost invariably found on the side of the great capitalist) who contend that self-interest is the rule by which we may guide ourselves, and the nation, and the world, all at the same time, towards the fattest pastures, and the utmost prosperity of all kinds. Looking at the question from my own point of view, and with an eye to my own pocket and comfort, I must say that, as at present advised, I am all against the great fish, who, like jack in a preserved pond, are eating up all the little fish of their own species. I see huge establishments rising up on all sides, and absorbing shop after shop in a street, and yard after yard in a neighbourhood, till it seems as if in the end

we should have one mammoth emporium (or whatever the favourite name may be) in each district, to which one will be obliged to go for everything one wants. But, while this process is going on, I don't find that I get honester and cheaper wares from the emporium, but worse things, and therefore dearer, than I got before. The transactions of the emporium are so large that the contract system must creep in there, and it is impossible that the master's eye can be upon all the goods he deals in. If he looks to his accounts, it is as much as he can do; and the personal interest and pride in good work, which a man might and did feel who had 100 customers, disappears when he has 10,000. If other people have found that they get better houses, clothes, furniture, or food, at mammoth establishments, let them say so; my experience has been all in the other direction.

But, apart from this, another effect of this absorption is, that year after year there are more and more of our people depending on small fixed salaries, or weekly wages. Our eggs are getting into too few baskets; a whole district, or something like the population of a town, is pauperized by the suspension of one or two great firms; and, in one shape or another, this must fall on, and be borne by, the community.

But, to return to the question of strikes and lock-outs, of the war between masters and men in our producing population. There are several points to which I should like to call attention. There is one fact—a sort of pivot-fact—which must be understood and accepted by any person before he can make head or tail of these trades' disputes. It is this: The men know their own weakness, and wish to have the support of fixed trade laws against themselves as well as against their masters. To illustrate what I mean, take the question of overtime. There are very few men who do not often work overtime—many because they cannot resist earning a few shillings more in the week in times when work is abundant; others because they do not like to be in constant collision with

masters and foremen, which a constant refusal to work overtime is sure to engender. But they know that overtime injures them, physically and morally. They know, too, that by working overtime they are keeping other men out of employment; and (strange to say) there is a strong public spirit amongst them; they do actually desire to raise their class as a class, and do not, as a rule, desire to raise themselves at the expense of their class. This is the answer to the outcry against the inconsistency of men, who are themselves constantly working overtime, supporting unions which are fighting to put it down. It is easy to infer that the unions must be putting force upon these men, but it is a false inference. They do loyally and voluntarily desire to be kept out of temptation, and therefore support their unions in demanding the abolition of overtime, while many of them are constantly giving in to temptation, or yielding to pressure, and working overtime every week of their lives. If this is too much for readers to swallow, who, judging from their own experience, cannot conceive of a set of men wishing to be debarred from any course of action which will enable them to make more money, I can only say that so it is, and that I have seen proofs of it over and over again, not in any one trade, but in dozens.

There is another fact, so trite that one is almost ashamed to repeat it, but which, nevertheless, is constantly overlooked; and that is, that this function of organizing or aiding strikes is only one of the functions, and one of the least-frequently exercised functions, of trades' societies. From year's end to year's end they act as benefit clubs, maintaining members who are sick and out of work, pensioning old and disabled men and widows, and providing funds for funerals; while, perhaps, once in eight or ten years comes a dispute with the masters of their trade, in which they take part. The amount expended by the unions annually for benefit purposes is enormous; and by this, as it were, voluntary rate in aid, they keep thousands of

persons from becoming chargeable to the country. Of course, if the state of war between masters and men becomes chronic, the unions will give more and more attention, and devote more and more of their funds, to carrying it on. Hitherto the amount spent in strikes and lock-outs is the merest trifle compared with that spent for purposes which everybody must acknowledge to be absolutely beneficial to the nation.

To use words which have already been used in these pages, and which admirably express the very kernel of the truth about trades' societies, they are "nothing more than the effort of the 'wages-receiving class to realize, trade 'by trade, a corporate existence.'" As this class gets more intelligent, which it is doing rapidly, and more moral, which I trust and believe it is doing also, though much more slowly, this effort will become more serious and more intense. The sentiment of union (if I may so call it) is the nearest approach to a faith which the men have now, as a class. It is the one idea for which they will make sacrifices. One hears it at all their meetings, and sees it in all their acts; their most popular songs are full of it; it pervades all their rules; the very mottoes of their trades' societies speak of nothing else; one meets over and over again, "Union is strength," "United we stand, divided we fall," "All for each, and each for all." Their excessive hatred to "unlimited competition" springs from the same root; as does also their feeling as to "blacks" and "knob-sticks"—which I do not mean the least to justify, but which is easy enough to understand when one sees that those men who will not come into union are looked upon as being false to their class.

What, then, are the possible issues of the present state of things—of the struggle which is now going on under our eyes?

It is hardly worth while to dwell on the complete victory of either side. I myself believe that of two evils the lesser would be that the men should thoroughly beat the masters,

than that the masters should succeed in breaking down the men's unions, and so having them at their mercy. I should prefer the former alternative, bad as it would be, because, in looking at the places and trades where the two systems, carried out almost to their conclusions, can be best compared—at Sheffield with its filemakers and other hardware workers, and at East London with its slop-tailors and needlewomen—I find that the facts are altogether in favour of the union-ridden Yorkshire town. It is very disagreeable to most persons, no doubt, to come in contact with the sort of obtrusive and rude independence which is common at Sheffield; the tyranny which is exercised over the minority there is atrocious—not a word can be said in favour of it; the habits and morals of the place are anything but what they should be. But what is all this by the side of the sullen, down-beaten, squalid misery of parts of Whitechapel, the hopeless slavery of sweaters' workshops, the morality of East-End lodging-houses! We must judge the systems by their fruits. The one produces a population who want mending, no doubt, like the rest of us, and have certain specific and virulent faults, but of whom one cannot help having hope—many of whose qualities one cannot but respect. The other kills by inches the few noble souls whom no outward circumstances, not even sweaters' work, can tarnish; and, for the rest, it grinds them into dangerous slaves, for whom one can see no hope in this world.

But there is no probability of either side winning, happily for England; nor, on the other hand, is there the slightest hope of anything better than an armistice between the two camps, unless conditions different from any which have as yet been hit upon can be suggested and accepted by both parties. When men have a quarrel, they must fight it out or make it up. The fighting out of this quarrel, however, between capital and labour (as it is commonly called), is getting too serious a matter—seems somehow to involve the tumbling of the whole house about our ears in the end. If

there were no one living in the house but the masters and men, it would be another matter; but, as we are all living in it, the quarrel concerns us all. Apart from the manifold ties, visible and invisible, by which the men and women of one nation are all bound together, and through which, if one is injured, all suffer, we, the rest of the English people, have the most direct possible interest in this matter, and are not only justified in doing, but shall be fools if we do not do, all in our power to make these two combatants come to reasonable terms. Have we no direct interest in having our houses built, and built properly, in having steam-engines made, and coals and minerals brought up, and all sorts of clothing and furniture and other commodities produced in the best possible manner for our consumption? How is this to be done for us if those who should do it are half their time engaged in a free fight? No doubt the greatest loss falls on them; but, besides the loss of peace and quietness through the noise of the fight, we have to pay heavily and directly to enable the combatants to keep it up instead of doing our work. To take only the last instance of this, which has come out in the strike now actually going on, brickwork has risen in the last few years 40 per cent., or thereabouts, per rod in and about London; and the chief reason assigned for the rise is the claims which the men have been trying to enforce. And this is the sort of thing which must go on all round the board. The consumer will have to pay in meal or in malt for every one of these squabbles, in whatever trade it may break out.

Then, if we are directly interested that the great quarrel should not be fought out, but made up, how can this be done? "By arbitration," has been answered over and over again, and is the first answer that occurs to every one. It may possibly be a true one, at least for the present; but any one who has ever seriously considered the matter knows how great the difficulties are which stand in the way of any effectual arbitration. However, in spite of all difficulties,

it is worth working for, as the best thing we at all are likely to get.

The attempts which have hitherto been made in Parliament to facilitate arbitration, by Mr. Mackinnon and others, would have been of little use if successful; for no arbitration can be of any wide and practical use unless both sides can be bound by it. And here comes in the first and greatest difficulty. Given a competent trade tribunal to which masters and men will resort, how are its awards to be enforced? As against the masters the way is clear enough, as each of them is a sufficiently responsible person for this purpose, and has an establishment which fixes him to one place. But an individual workman, if he does not like the award, may shoulder his tools and disappear the next day, leaving no property behind him. I confess I see no way to any satisfactory arbitration unless the Legislature will recognise the unions. At present they are altogether outside the law, and have no recognised officer or body of officers in whose names they can enter into contracts, or sue or be sued, and through whom their funds can be reached. It seems difficult to see what harm can be done by giving them a legal corporate existence for certain purposes. There they are, great and powerfully organized societies in the midst of us—the only bodies of the kind which are without the law. The practical common sense of England has hitherto always recognised established facts of this kind; and the public would gain at least as much as the unions, if the rule were extended to meet their case. Undoubtedly the difficulties as to Courts of Arbitration would be greatly lessened—as no individual non-unionists would be able to stand out against terms which bound the unions; and, on the other hand, the spirit and temper of the unions would be likely, one would think, to be much improved, when they found themselves in so new and improved a position.

But arbitration, useful as it may be for certain purposes and on certain occasions, will never go to the root of

the evil. If the present relation of masters and men is to continue to exist at all, the only thing which can do that is a thorough change in the spirit of their relationship. At present we are often told that the interests of masters and men are the same—that they form in fact a quasi-partnership; which is all quite true and beautiful in theory, but is positively not the case at all in fact. If they form a partnership in any real sense of the word, the men must have a moral, if not a legal, right to know how the partnership concerns are going on. Partnership without such a right is a farce. Where such a right has been recognised by masters, where deputations of workmen have been courteously received and explanations have been given as to the state of trade—why a rise in wages cannot be agreed to, why certain privileges cannot be granted at a certain time—over and over again strikes have been prevented, and a good feeling kept up. There are trades in which there has been no strike within the memory of the present generation. There are many firms, in trades where strikes have been frequent, where no such thing has ever been heard of. Wherever this is the case, it will be found that it is because the reality of the partnership has been recognised and acted upon, and the men have been made to feel that their interests and those of their masters were the same. But, when the spokesmen of deputations are dismissed, and become marked men, and masters refuse to give any answers, and every advance of wages or other privilege has to be wrung out of them by strikes or threats of strikes, there you will never get the men to believe that their interests are the same as those of their masters, or that there is any partnership between them; and the old law as to a house divided against itself is sure to fulfil itself more and more. If the country gets through the state of things which may possibly be brought about by the continuance of this division, it will be by the men, through much misery and many failures, struggling into partnerships of their own.

THE NAPLES QUESTION.

BY EDWARD DICEY, AUTHOR OF "ROME IN 1860," "CAVOUR: A MEMOIR," &c.

HAPPY is the people, according to the old proverb, which has no history. To the above maxim I should add, as a corollary suggested by recent experience, Unhappy is the people which has a "question." The very name of a question seems ominous to me for a people's welfare. A sick man may well be alarmed when his state becomes the subject of a medical consultation; and so, a nation has just cause for anxiety when its condition becomes a question for European consideration. Now, in all conscience, we have got European questions enough, beginning with the Turkish and ending with that of Schleswig-Holstein. There is little room even for genuine questions; and any attempt to palm off a sham question on the world as a living reality should be exposed at once. Seeing then, as I do, unpleasant symptoms in many quarters of a desire to create a Neapolitan question, I think it may not be useless to state what I believe to be the real truth about Naples and its condition. Having resided there throughout the whole of the late revolution, I have some means of forming an opinion on the present state of things; and my opinion, which I shall try to account for shortly, is, that the existing disturbances, far from being an anomalous or disappointing feature in the course of events, are a normal and inevitable stage in the progress of the great crisis through which Southern Italy has passed, or, more truly speaking, is still passing.

Positive evidence is ten times better than negative; and therefore it is no use attempting to explain away the facts of the Neapolitan brigandage by denying their existence. Yet, it is hardly possible to convey to persons unacquainted with Naples the state of incredulity as to all hearsay reports at which you arrive by residing there for any length of time. For instance, all Italian reports of late have been full of

the massacres at Ponte Landolfo, and of the bloody vengeance taken by the Piedmontese soldiery. Now, if any one were to assure me that there never had been any massacre at all, or that such a place as Ponte Landolfo was not to be found in the Neapolitan territory, few things would surprise me less. I have heard stories as authentic, as circumstantial, and far more capable of immediate investigation, disproved as utterly after a nine days' existence. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the total absence of communication in a country where there are few roads, and next to no public conveyances. I remember, when Victor Emmanuel was marching down on Gaeta at the head of an army of some 20,000 men, days after he was within forty miles of the capital it was absolutely impossible to learn at Naples where the Sardinian army was stationed; and, when at last, weary of fruitless inquiries, I set out on an expedition in search of the Sardinian camp, it was not till I arrived in sight of the army that I could obtain any positive information as to its whereabouts. The faculty of sifting intelligence, or even the desire for doing so, are things as yet entirely novel to the Italian mind. Very shortly before the fall of Capua, there was a report spread that Garibaldi had entered the fortress. The report in itself was probable enough; and the whole city, Government included, jumped at once to the conclusion it was true. There was a telegraph to within a mile of Capua, so that the truth or falsehood of the story might have been ascertained in a quarter of an hour's time; but, without ever thinking of this precaution, the authorities placarded the news at once over the walls of Naples. I might quote instances without end of riots, which I was told had taken place in spots where I happened to have been at the time, and knew that nothing of the kind had occurred; of victories and

defeats, of which the reputed combatants were the last to hear; and of reports, whose minute circumstantiality was only exceeded by their utter unreality.

It would be an exception to all rules if there was not the very grossest exaggeration current about the exploits of the Neapolitan brigands. That there is such, I have no doubt whatever, and I have also almost as little doubt that the stories of the brutal cruelties exercised on either side are, for the most part, entire fabrications. During the siege of Capua, the most revolting stories were confidently affirmed about the cruelties exercised by the Royal troops upon the Garibaldian prisoners. Not long before the capture of the fortress, Madame Mario was allowed to visit the prisoners; and from her, who of all people was least likely to be a favourable witness to the Bourbons, I learnt that, on the contrary, the wounded Garibaldians had been treated with considerable kindness. Again, during the war I was told, on good authority, first, that the Neapolitan soldiery had burnt alive some wounded Garibaldians found at Cajazzo; secondly, that, on the entry of the Piedmontese, they had retorted by bayoneting the sick Neapolitan soldiers discovered in the Cajazzo hospital. I visited the place myself while its desolation was fresh, when the inhabitants had only just begun to return; and from persons who had remained perforce in the town during all its various captures and recaptures I learnt positively that both stories were equally unfounded. And so on with many similar reports. Every single case of reported barbarity which I had the means of investigating personally I found to be not only exaggerated, but entirely without foundation; and thus I naturally look with great suspicion on like reports which I have not the means of investigating.

It is not only on my own experience, but on *a priori* grounds, that I doubt these stories of mutilations and burnings alive, and other horrors. All, I think, who know Italy will bear me out in saying that brutal barbarous cruelty is

not a vice to which the Italian nature is addicted. To stab your enemy behind his back, to strike him when he is down, or to set a dozen braves upon him at once, are crimes consonant rather to the Latin than the Saxon race; but the fierce, beast-like passion which is not content even with the death of your enemy, but wreaks its unsatiated vengeance on his lifeless corpse, is to be found only among the nations in whose veins still runs the blood of the old savage Teuton warriors. Every people has its own faults, and the Italians, Heaven knows! have their full share; but mad, blood-excited passion is not one of them. There have been exceptions, doubtless; but, if you read through Italian history, you will find that their wars and revolutions have been more bloodless and more humane than those of northern nations. It is not likely, then, that in this single instance the national character has changed utterly.

I may be told, perhaps, that, however sound these general considerations may be, yet the importance and barbarity of the civil war now raging in Naples are established beyond doubt by the joint evidence of foreign, Italian, and English reports from Naples itself. Admitting, as I do, the force of this argument, there are some considerations, perhaps not generally known, which a good deal modify its power. To telegraphic news, in the first place, I attach little importance. The Reuter, Stefani Havas, and other telegraphic agencies, which are all, I believe, connected together, have practically superseded all private newspaper telegrams. The telegraphic despatches in the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Patrie*, and the *Indépendance Belge*, as in almost every European paper, are, word for word, the same. In fact, there is a monopoly of telegraphic news; and, as in the case of every other monopoly, the public suffers from the absence of competition. On the whole, Reuter's enterprise is conducted with great energy and tolerable fairness; but in particular instances you will find there is a decided political bias. Almost all the Neapolitan intelli-

gence comes through the Marseilles agency; and, for some mysterious reason, ever since the commencement of the Italian revolution, the despatches received through this quarter have adopted the report and the wording most unfavourable to the cause of Italy. Demonstrations are invariably magnified into disturbances, and riots into conflicts. As far, therefore, as public opinion on Neapolitan questions is formed (and it is so in great measure) on newspaper telegrams, it is led to exaggerate the character of the brigandage in Naples. With regard to the correspondence contained in French and German newspapers, the leaning is always against the Sardinian Government, as far as Naples is concerned. The annexation of Southern Italy was never cordially approved of by French politicians; and even the most liberal of the Paris newspapers look not altogether without satisfaction on the difficulties which opposition to the traditional policy of France has entailed upon Italy. The legitimist Ultra-Montane and pro-Austrian press is utterly regardless of truth, and quotes as gospel every hearsay report or rumour which can be construed as hostile to the prospects of the Italian movement. When one reads a statement, such as I read the other day, in a leading liberal Vienna paper, that the Venetian exiles were becoming so hostile to Sardinia that they were rapidly returning, of their own free will, to the paternal rule of Austria, it is impossible to credit any fact which rests alone on the authority of Austrian newspapers. As to Italian papers, even out of their own country, the *Armonia* and the *Gazzetta di Verona* inspire no confidence, from their avowed religious and political tendencies; and the chief Italian paper from which the desponding accounts of the state of Naples are derived is the *Popolo d'Italia*, the organ of the Mazzini party. To such influences as these the correspondence from Naples inserted in English newspapers is, of course, not accessible; but still there are reasons which inevitably induce "our own correspondents" to attach undue import-

ance to the disturbances in Naples. Given the necessary conditions of newspaper writing, a correspondent, even with the utmost regard for truth, must inevitably convey incorrect impressions. He is obliged to write about the one black sheep which goes astray, not about the ninety-nine who stay quiet in the fold. He cannot qualify every statement of disturbance he has to make, by adding constantly that in twenty out of twenty-five provinces there is perfect tranquillity and order. The reader hears perpetually of disturbances and brigandage in one place after another; he never hears of the places where nothing occurs worth mentioning. Moreover, any disturbance is a perfect God-send to a correspondent. I can speak from personal experience as to the weary difficulty of finding matter for correspondence in Naples when things began to settle down there after the end of the revolution; and a correspondent must be more than human if he did not make the most of any incident which should chance to happen there. It is very difficult, too, for a correspondent, after a residence of any length in one place, to estimate fairly the relative importance of events that occur in his own province; and a Naples correspondent becomes after a time so far a Neapolitan as to believe that the whole of the Italian question is contained in the politics of Naples.

Still, making every possible allowance for exaggeration, I feel no doubt that in the provinces round Naples, or rather between Rome and Naples, there prevails much discontent, very general social disorganization, and a system of brigandage more or less organized. The question, then, is, How are these facts to be accounted for?

Now, in spite of Baron Ricasoli's very able state paper, I believe that the solution given by him for this state of things is a very imperfect, though not an erroneous one. During the whole revolution, the Sardinian Government, like every other Government under similar circumstances, has endeavoured to account for all internal evils, by attributing them

exclusively to external causes. Order, I remember to have been told, could never be established at Naples while the French fleet remained off Gaeta; then, when the French fleet sailed away, the resistance of Gaeta was stated to be the fatal obstacle in the way of peace and quiet. After the fall of Gaeta, the intrigues of Murat conspirators, the hesitation of the Imperial Government in recognising the kingdom of Italy, the presence of Francis II. at Rome, and lastly, the action of Bourbon gold and Papal plots, have, one and all, been alleged officially as the causes of the disquiet in Naples. That all these things, and especially the last, have contributed powerfully to delay the establishment of the new Italian Government, I fully admit; but they are not the chief obstacles. Sardinia has had to contend with. Nobody can well have a lower opinion than I have myself of the political morality, or want of political morality, which regulates the counsels of the Vatican and the court of the ex-King of Naples. If, by any system of brigandage, or conspiracy, or other rascality, Rome could injure the cause of Italy, she would not hesitate to do so. My disbelief is not in the will, but in the capacity. Anything like an organized system of guerilla warfare, carried on in the Neapolitan provinces, and directed from Rome as its headquarters, must entail enormous expenses. Now people are fond of talking vaguely about the immense private wealth of the ex-king, and of the vast resources of the Pope. Anybody, however, acquainted with the real facts, must be aware that the Vatican is at its wits' end to find money for its daily expenses; that, at the very outside, Francis II. could not have carried off, or had at his command, two millions sterling when he left Naples; that the defence of Gaeta, and the expenses of the court at Rome, must have made great havoc even with a sum like this; and that, whatever else is doubtful, it is certain the ex-king gets no supplies of money from his loyal subjects. What resources the convents and clergy of the Neapolitan

provinces can supply, have been forwarded long ago to the Pope; and, however great their possessions, it is almost impossible to convert them into ready money under the present state of Naples. That any villain, who offers to go into the Italian territory to rob, burn, and murder, will receive rank and promises from Francis II. and medals and crosses from Pio Nono, I have no doubt whatever; but the amount of actual money he will obtain is small indeed, and without money no organized insurrection can be carried on.

Because one doubts the strict accuracy of the official explanation of Neapolitan brigandage, it is absurd to fall into the other extreme, and adopt the sentimental legitimist view that these disturbances are the spontaneous manifestations of Neapolitan loyalty to the deposed sovereign, or that the brigandage in Naples has the slightest analogy with the peasant war of La Vendée, or the gallant guerilla warfare of the Tyrolese against the French. That this brigandage is not the loyal rising of an oppressed people may be seen from some very obvious reflections.

The Neapolitans are not fools, whatever else they may be; and, if there had existed any popular feeling for the Bourbons, it is impossible to suppose it would not have manifested itself when there was some chance of its being of practical use. During the days that intervened between Garibaldi's landing on the mainland and the king's flight from Naples, it was found impossible to get up any popular manifestation of any kind in favour of the king. It was known over the city, for hours before Francis II. left, that he was going to leave; and not even the loyal lazzaroni, of whom we hear so much, could be got together to cheer him on his leaving. Not a score of persons in all the city took the trouble of watching his departure. Garibaldi entered unarmed, in an open carriage with three companions. Any half-dozen patriots might have taken his life, with an almost certainty of escape; yet no one could be induced to try the experiment. Again, when

the royal army was in full force before Capua and Gaeta, and when, if at any time, the chances of war seemed to favour the royal cause, no effort could induce the peasantry in the neighbouring towns to rise on the king's side. In the whole Neapolitan kingdom, the only body which kept true to the king's cause was the army, which had been well paid and well treated; and even the army declined on every occasion to expose themselves to the danger of fighting for their beloved monarch.

In as far as the brigandage in the provinces of the Abruzzi and the Terra di Lavoro is due to temporary causes, there is no difficulty in assigning them. The partial, if not the inevitable, effect of the Neapolitan revolution was to turn out of employment some 100,000 men used to bearing arms, and to leave them, disgraced and suspected, to pick up a living as best they could. If they entered the Sardinian army, they were treated as cowards who had dishonoured their uniforms; if they tried to get employment in their own country, they were looked upon as spies in disguise. Their plight was a hard one. In France they would have made a revolution; in England they would have filled the gaols and workhouses; in America they would have gone to San Francisco and the diggings; being Neapolitans, and at Naples, they took to the mountains and to brigandage. They don't fight; they never stand before the enemy; but they plunder friend and foe, royalist and constitutionalist alike, whenever they can do so without danger. They lead, in fact, a dog's life, and die a dog's death. In a populous country, well provided with roads, they would be suppressed in a week's time; but, in a wild, desolate mountain district, like that of the Abruzzi, where, as a rule, there are no roads at all, it may be months, or even years, before they are thoroughly rooted out.

Melancholy as this state of semi-suppressed brigandage is, it is not the real evil of Naples, nor the great difficulty in the path of Neapolitan organization. The main cause of alarm and

danger to the Government is the utter apathy and corrupt selfishness of the nation. If the provinces gave any valid aid to the Sardinian troops, or made any exertion to suppress the brigands, the country would have been quiet long ago; but they will do nothing, and expect everything to be done for them. Peasants and town-people alike refuse to make any sacrifice for the Sardinian Government, just as they refused to make it for Francis II. in his distress, or for Garibaldi in his triumph. Even in Naples itself the Government obtains no active support. The working class won't give their labour, the educational classes refuse the service of their talents, and the wealthy classes decline the aid of their money. I do not for one moment mean to say there are not many bright exceptions to this general selfish apathy; but, as a rule, I fear the description is only too just a one. If there is an energetic and patriotic body of men in all the Two Sicilies, it is the class from whom the Neapolitan deputies are taken; yet, in the late session at Turin, when the Ministry, shortly after Cavour's death, proposed that the "*Decima di Guerra*"—that is, an increase of one-tenth on all taxes—should, under present circumstances, be extended to Naples, as it had already been to the old provinces of the kingdom, the Neapolitan deputies opposed the scheme so resolutely that the Ministry adjourned its consideration, and then dropped it silently. This opposition was made at a time when the Chambers were well aware that the national exchequer was terribly in want of money, and that full half the expenses of the country were due to outlay required at Naples.

Bad as all this is, is it worse than any reasonable man ought to have expected? Of all absurdities in the world, it seems to me the greatest to suppose that men are to be converted at once from slaves into heroes. There would be no great harm, after all, in slavery and tyranny, if their effect was so slight that a few months' emancipation would make their victims fit for freedom. The fault of the Bourbon

Government, to my mind, was not so much its cruelty as its abject debasement. From the king downwards, everybody was taught to cheat, and lie, and bribe. Judges, officers, and officials, were avowedly under-paid, because they were expected to live upon the perquisites of their offices. Every attempt at individual enterprise and energy was repressed; and the people were instructed systematically to depend upon charity, not upon their own exertions. If you add to these causes the existence of an utterly demoralized social system, and the deliberate inculcation of the most debased superstition, you have no reason to wonder, if the Neapolitans are what they are, and what they will be, till the present generation has passed away.

To speak the plain truth, the Neapolitan revolution was not one of those great popular movements which sometimes in the world's history ennoble a nation's character, and purge away its vices, as if by fire. All our English politicians, some months ago, were lavish of praises, and very just praises, of the order and moderation which characterised the revolution. Still, the remembrance of these encomiums should make them scanty of their censures now. A moderate orderly reform has many high merits, but it has not the savage strength of a great popular revolution. For good and bad, the respectable and educated classes made the revolution; for bad and good, the people had no share in it. When the fair auburn-haired queen, Joan of Naples, strangled her husband, she made all the conspirators give a tug at the rope together. When the Bourbon dynasty was upset, the Neapolitan people were not allowed to put their hand to the rope at all. Confiscations and reigns of terror are fearful things; but still they give a nation a part and interest in a revolution it has not otherwise. Far better it is for Naples that such life or death remedies have not been adopted; but it is absurd to blame

the Neapolitan people because they do not show the energy of the French nation after 1789.

As for Naples itself, I see no cause as yet to despair. With the faults of slaves, the Neapolitans have many of their virtues. They are kind-hearted, affectionate, and pleased easily; they are wonderfully quick in natural intellect, are eager to learn, and, if wanting in perseverance, have a good deal of fitful energy. They are keen enough, too, in seeing their own interest; and a vigorous, upright, and liberal government, like that of Piedmont, is above all others qualified to develop their better qualities. In material respects, Naples has made more progress in the last six months under Sardinia, than was made in the last quarter of a century under the Bourbons; and in my mind material progress must precede, not follow, moral improvement.

With regard to Italy, the benefit derived from the annexation is more doubtful. Naples, for a length of time, will be a source of weakness, not of strength, to Italy, and will thus inevitably make her more dependent on France than she would be otherwise. However, what is done is done, and the way in which the Neapolitan difficulty should be solved is Italy's concern, not Europe's. "The one thing that Italy requires," I heard Padre Gavazzi proclaim in the Largo del Palazzo, at Naples, "is to be master in her own house." The saying is a very true one. If Italy is to become in reality a nation, it must be by managing her own business herself. She requires no interference, either official or officious. Cialdini is perfectly competent to put down Neapolitan brigandage; and the Sardinian Government is better qualified than any other to deal with Naples. It is to be hoped, then, that the Neapolitan question will remain a question for Italy alone, not for Europe; and that Italy, in this matter, will be allowed to act as "*Padrone in casa sua*."

y do
ench

se as
s of
y of
rted,
they
l in-
ting
al of
ugh,
and a
vern-
bove
their
ects,
a the
than
tury
mind
t fol-

t de-
more
time,
ot of
s in-
t on
wise.
and
olitan
taly's
thing
Padre
del
er in
very
e in
aging
quires
cious.
o put
d the
lified
It
olitan
a for
that
ed to